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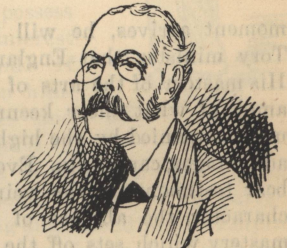
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"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

By H. W. MASSINGHAM.

audacity of conception, the Tory policy on the English Local Government Bill. Outwardly, the speaker had changed little in the ten years' interval. His soft, brown hair, with the parting in the middle, and the rather feminine curl at the end, was slightly shaded with grey, and the pleasant face, with the thoughtful eyes, was a little more heavily lined. Somehow or other Mr. Balfour has never seemed very young, and certainly he never looked very alert. Ten years ago, when he sat below the gangway, he would lean far back in his seat, his long, thin, almost shapeless legs wreathed into graceful festoons, his air that of refined boredom. To-day Mr. Balfour's legs repose on the table instead of on the floor, and he wears the same aspect of almost cloistered abstraction from his surroundings. When he walks with gentle, almost cat-like footsteps up the floor of the House, you have about him a similar impression to that which both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley convey. All three have souls that in some degree dwell apart from the green benches. They have a studious air, the "tone" of the library rather than of the forum or the senate. But in Mr. Balfour's case, at all events, the intellectual progress achieved during these last ten years has been remarkable. Like Wilhelm Meister, he has completed his apprenticeship. Intellectually, he is fully equipped for the Premiership; and I predict that when that





WHITTINGHAME: MR. BALFOUR'S HOME IN SCOTLAND.

moment arrives, he will be the most popular Tory minister that England has ever known. His mastery of the arts of the debater is an example of what sheer keenness of mind, almost unaccompanied by the highest kind of physical advantages, can attain. Even to-day his speeches bear testimony to the vein of indolence in his character, the absence of the ardent spirit of mastery which sets off the greatest intellectual feats. His voice lacks the mighty *timbre* of Mr. Gladstone's, and for all its extreme sweetness is lost in the loftier flight, the more impetuous sweep, of the orator's art. But to-day we have a dialectician armed at point, the "critic clearness," if not the

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of men.

The subtle style that winds in and out of its subject with a certain sinuous sureness, the delivery, quiet, graceful, and notable for its delicate shading of tone and effect, all mark out Mr. Balfour as the second, and occasionally the first, debater in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has greater sharpness and clearness of view, but he has less insight and no culture. Indeed, the intellectual honours of the Home Rule debate rest quite as abundantly on Mr. Balfour's head as on any of his rivals or enemies. He does not fight his battle with the doggedness of Mr. Chamberlain, or the Marmion-like dash of

Lord Randolph Churchill at his best. But he appeals more strongly than either of them to the permanent temper of middle-class Englishmen. He has what neither of them possesses, or ever possessed—a philosophy of life, a reserve of reflection on the nature of things, as well as on their immediate shape and colour.

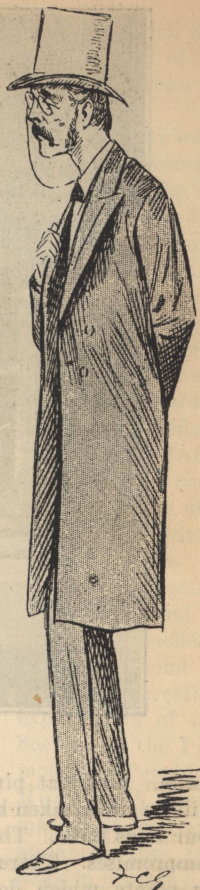
And what is Mr. Balfour's philosophy of life? It is largely the product first of his temper and then of his birth and surroundings. Mr. Balfour is a Scotchman, a landlord, and a metaphysician with a curious strain of cautionary pessimism in his nature which is the softened counterpart of his uncle's more boisterous disbelief in all the elements of what we call progress. He has certain beliefs, perhaps I should say traditions, which are absolutely fixed. I remember that a short time ago a legend arose that Mr. Balfour had been deeply impressed by the Home Rule debates, and that he was coming round to the Home Rule view. The notion came, I believe, out of some characteristically pleasant, almost tender, things that, in conversation with a Liberal member, Mr. Balfour expressed about the race he had governed. But there was no foundation for the story. "Balfour," said an intimate friend of his, "will argue with you about the Christian religion with the air of a man who is quite open to be convinced, but his idea about the Irish that they are a radically inferior race is a good

deal more fixed than his belief in gravitation." That, I think, is a true diagnosis. Behind all Mr. Balfour's personal sweetness, and a courtliness equal to Mr. Gladstone's, there lie neatly packed away layer after layer of what for want of a better word I should call sheer Toryism. Probably the leader of the Opposition would accept no formula about human affairs which expressed any comprehensive hope of the future. Democracy he perhaps takes over as a working basis, but he regards every enlargement of it with distrust. He is not more of an individualist than Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps his language and tone of to-day represent plausibly enough the opportunist Conservatism of which he is now the authorized as well as the most popular personal exponent. But of man organized into a compact society for useful service, and equal socially and economically, of the dim ideals and stirring watchwords which sound through the twilight of the nineteenth century, he has no adequate conception, and if he had he would not affect for them a sympathy he did not feel. Of kindness his nature is full, but for the wider human interests, the more embracing and essentially modern conceptions of a Hugo, a Mazzini, a Whitman, he has little room to spare. He accepts change with less obvious reluctance than Lord Salisbury and with incomparably better grace. But the genuine tide and pulse of his nature move amid the abstractions of an earlier economy, and would, save for his Conservative traditions and bringing up, turn him into a very good substitute for a "philosophic Radical."

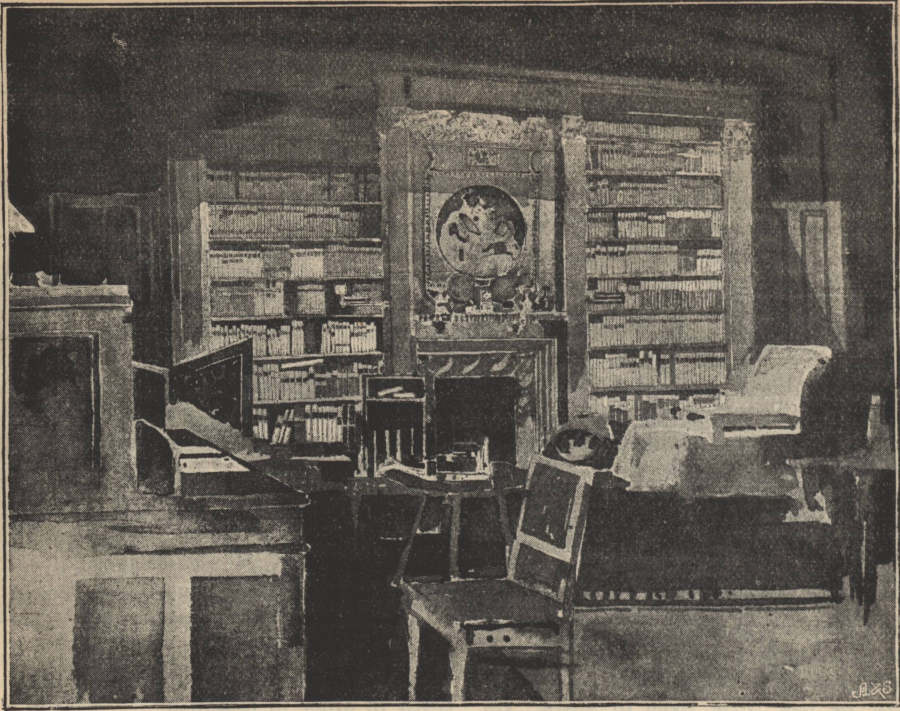
It is a notable fact that the man who is certainly destined, at one period or another, to lead the entire Conservative party, and to fill the place which Lord Salisbury occupies, should stand for a refined pessimism of temper in con-

trast with the abounding optimism of the old Liberals and the more critical meliorism of the new Radical school. I should say, indeed, that Mr. Balfour is a very perfect representative of the sceptical spirit in politics and religion. His book in defence of philosophic doubt is an illustration of the way in which Mr. Balfour's mind applies itself to all the problems of life. The work, which has, no doubt, great merit from a metaphysical point of view, is an acute, if not entirely novel, statement of the objections to the empirical philosophy. There are things in it which Cardinal Newman might almost have written, and the point of view of a writer who attacks current scientific truth in order to establish the superior verities of religion can never possess more than a limited interest for the modern mind. If you turn to the man himself, to his speeches and policy, the same spirit of

distrustful criticism is apparent. Mr. Balfour accepts the conventional notions of his party—the duty of preserving and extending the Empire, the predominance of the classes that now rule the country, and the rest of it. But he is intolerant of new ideas; he would never willingly encourage any great political departures, and in all the modifications to which he assents he sees a means of preserving the old order rather than of initiating the new. In this he differs from Lord Randolph Churchill, whose impulsive genius, had it been united with character and moral strength, would have carried him much further along the line of modern democracy than either Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone were ever



MR. BALFOUR GOLFING.



MR. BALFOUR'S STUDY.

borne. No great plunges, no signal adventures, will be undertaken by the Tories while Mr. Balfour leads them. There will be concessions and compromises. There will be friendly advances on points which do not give away the main stronghold. But the attitude towards modern democracy, shaping itself more and more in the direction of socialism, will, so far as Mr. Balfour is concerned, be cold.

An excellent illustration of Mr. Balfour's attitude in politics was given during his Irish administration. His rule began in a period of storm and stress. The Chief Secretary had his back against the wall, and the bored, almost effeminate, gentleman developed into a fighter of first-rate quality. I can recall now the intensity of the hostile feeling (in which I shared to the full), and the quiet scorn—the scorn of the born aristocrat—with which Mr. Balfour repelled it. I do not think his administration was wise, but it was a piece of uncompromising work which, for consistency and physical courage, marked itself out from all other Irish administrations that have come within my knowledge. Mr. Balfour made no terms. He treated the fighting Irishmen, as Mr. Healy remarked in a memorable phrase, like a sort of superior blackbeetle. He kept on his way with a more serene consciousness that he was in the right than possibly he ever experienced at any period of his career. He felt that he was responsible for a nation of children, and

that they should be governed for their own good with something of the mild severity of the nursery governess. In time, however, coercion wore itself down, and then the better side of Mr. Balfour's character developed. If the children were good, they should have lollipops, they should. He took as genuine an interest in the development of light railways as he had done in the infliction of heavy sentences. His travels in the west with his sister, his constant friend and companion, were undertaken with immense spirit. "It is absurd to say that I hate the Irish people," he once said. "I love them." And in the softened tone of his later personal references to his old enemies was to be seen the educating influence of the milder and later period of his administration. Indeed, within the limits imposed by his nature and training, Mr. Balfour has learned and is learning much. But there are distinct bounds to what time and experience are likely to teach him.

A curious kind of key to Mr. Balfour's character is to be found in the person of his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour. People who know the brothers intimately, say that for sheer, hard intellect Gerald is the stronger of the two. He has, in fact, his brother's metaphysical subtlety, his Scotch love of rather wire-drawn argument, his knowledge of things rather than of men, without the charm, the literary gift, the glancing wit, of the leader of the Opposition. But he is a

typical exponent, as well as an able and original one, of the philosophic individualism which has so strong a hold on his brother's mind. He knows more of the commercial side of English life than his brother knows, or is likely to know. But you see there the rock out of which the Balfour temperament is hewn, only that the surface is rough and uninviting in the one case, and keen and polished in the other.

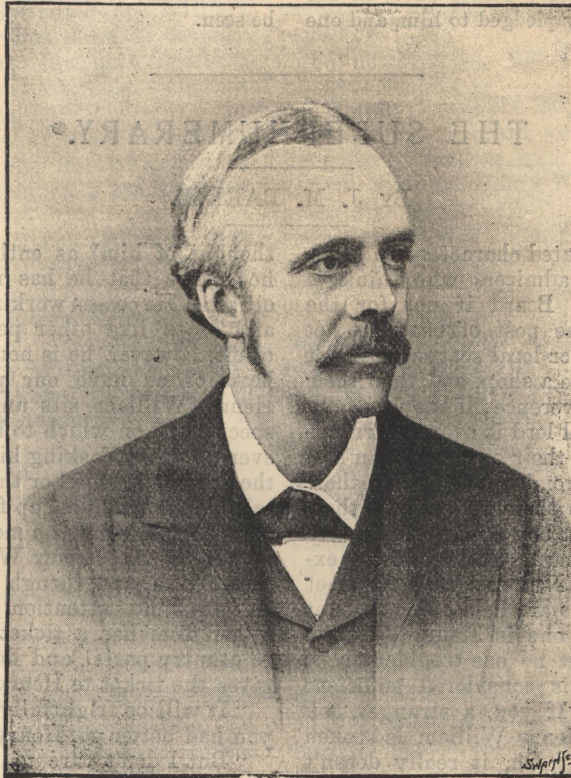
What are Mr. Balfour's defects as a practical statesman? They spring perhaps from a certain languor of intellectual fibre which answers to the dreamy thoughtfulness of expression, the lack of tautness and energy in the narrow, willowy figure. It is curious to watch the physical contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour as they sit opposite each other. Mr. Gladstone is, as Mr. Healy would say, always on the pounce; alert and poised, he is at eighty-four the vigilant student of every move in the game. Mr. Balfour has a much more relaxed air. His small head is buried wearily in the cushions; he yawns, fidgets, and shows plainly that he is bored. He has of late allowed his sheer, intellectual adroitness to serve him in place of un-failing concentration on the details

of his work. I do not think he gets up his cases with much exactness; but he has something of "Dizzy's" power of happy generalization, of seizing the right fact and developing it with curious felicity of phrase. But he does not always grip a parliamentary opportunity and improve it with Mr. Chamberlain's facile touch. He shares, too, with Mr. John Morley the lack of perfect knowledge of his environment. He is a good but not a great parliamentary hand, and he lacks the shaping spirit of imagination which we associate with a Burke, a Canning, an Abraham Lincoln. He has lived too much with the serene gods of English life. He knows the senti-

ments of the stalls, but he is out of touch with the gallery. A ruder, stronger breath of life sweeps through the England of to-day than Mr. Balfour wots of.

The personal side of his character is, by every account of it, full of sweetness. He is universally liked and respected. Mr. Morley and he are united by a strong bond of mutual good-will. Mr. Gladstone had always a great opinion of him, and it is significant that he was chosen as the agent in the memorable tender of a non-party settlement of the Irish Question which Mr. Gladstone made to Lord Salisbury in 1885.

His conversation is sparkling, literary, and amply reflects the undeniable charm of his character. He has dabbled in many things, among others in golf and in mystical psychology, and it was at his bachelor house that some of the most interesting experiments of the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research were made. His real amiability has full scope in private life, and is a growing feature of his political methods. Every one remembers the delightful little speech in which, amid a gathering ripple of laughter from all parts of the House, he gently satirised the length and frequency of the Prime Minister's



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

(From a Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

speeches on the Home Rule Bill. There was not a word of offence in an effort which was a model of light raillery. Amid all the storm and stress of the Home Rule controversy he has maintained this courtly bearing to his old antagonist. Once a sharp but quite legitimate retort brought out an expostulatory chorus of "shame" from some sensitive Liberals. Mr. Balfour was considerably taken aback by it. After the debate he asked a Liberal member, who told me the story, whether he had said anything discourteous, for that was very far from his intention. "Not at all," was the reply, "we cried 'shame' because we have got into a habit of doing so, but we really meant nothing."

The assurance of a brilliant future, which has now definitely opened up to him, has already done much to cure him of a certain slackness of outlook and indolence of habit which are his besetting intellectual sins. Lord Randolph Churchill's fall has been the occasion of his rise. Few people know how close at one time Lord Randolph was to the absolute command of the Tory party, coupled with the complete displacement of Lord Salisbury's influence. The Queen, I believe, had agreed to Lord Randolph instead of Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Devonshire had with great reluctance consented to the change. The majority of the Tory party in the Commons were actually pledged to him, and one

of the most momentous crises in English history, conducted as it had been with unparalleled secrecy and despatch, was almost complete. Suddenly Mr. Goschen stepped into the breach, and, saving Lord Salisbury, saved Mr. Balfour as well. Since then his star has been steadily in the ascendant, while Lord Randolph's has sunk never to rise again. The time cannot be far distant when Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister will have in his hands the shaping for many years of the political destinies of his party and of the British Empire. He has some qualifications for the work. Whether he has the supreme gift which would be the touchstone of the rest, remains to be seen.

THE SUPERNUMERARY.*

By J. M. BARRIE.

MOST men are celebrated characters in their own set. They have admirers who think of them for the School Board if not for the County Council, for the post of beadle if not for the School Board, for local scavenger if not for beadle. They have a shop, and then their salesman pays them reverence; if they are only salesmen, they can still lord it over the errand-boy. Even if they are their own salesman and errand-boy, they are prominent figures at their breakfast-table, where their wife admits their majesty, and their little boy thinks them nearly as good as the policeman. Yet are there exceptions to this rule. Now and again we meet with unfortunates, who are held of no account by anybody. Such a one is Henry William. He has a surname, but no one troubles about it. Henry William is considered sufficient distinction for him. If you, a stranger, ask who is meant when Henry William is spoken of, you will be told, "Oh, it really doesn't matter at all." No one can be bothered explaining who Henry William is.

Henry William is over thirty, I should say now, but were we to think of him at all (which we never do), we would call him a very young man still. The friends of his boyhood grew out of and flung Henry William aside, as if he were a suit of knickerbockers, and youths of twenty-one only accept him on sufferance, as a man who must be somewhere, and does no harm in being with them. For Henry William is so harmless, that he almost possesses an individuality when considered in this light. He has no tastes, no ambitions, so far as we are aware; indeed, he would strike us (if we

thought of him) as entirely negative. Stop, he knows that he has rights as a free-born citizen. He ceases working at 7 p.m. precisely, and dines like other people. In his family circle, however, he is not seriously considered. Most of us have our particular chair, but Henry William sits anywhere. He has no special nail on which to hang his hat. No one ever dreams of asking him whether he prefers the wings of a fowl or the legs. His hostesses tell him to pass his cup for more tea, and if he says that he wants no more, the cup is passed all the same. Henry William has a brother called Tom, and, though Tom is the younger, he pays no attention to Henry William. When Tom has a ticket for a soirée [we live in country parts], and does not want to go, he gives the ticket to Henry William.

"It will be frightfully slow," Tom says, "so you had better go, Henry William."

"But I don't care to go," says Henry William.

"Here is the ticket," says Tom, and thus Henry William is booked for the soirée.

It is, however, seldom that Henry William says he doesn't care to go. He has not sufficient character for that. He has no particular desire to go; but then, he has no particular desire not to go. He is colourless. It is all the same to him where he goes or does not go. He must be somewhere, and so why not at the soirée?

Henry William is asked out a good deal. In this town, where he is of no importance, the magnates invite each other to tea, and even, on tremendous occasions, to dinner. There is never any reason why Henry William should not be asked, nor why he should be. Thus, some people, having got into the habit

* This sketch appeared in an early volume of *THE YOUNG MAN*. As our circulation, and Mr. Barrie's popularity, have more than trebled since that time, we are sure our readers will be glad to have the sketch reprinted.

of asking him, never think of not asking him. He is not ornamental like the toast rack, nor useful like the toast. He is rather like the old seed cake, which is put down because we are all used to it. There are also occasions when Henry William does, in a sense, supply a want. At the last moment it is discovered that there is no one to take Miss Jones in to dinner; and then word is sent to Tom to "bring Henry William with him." The hostess apologizes to Miss Jones for putting her into the hands of Henry William; but though Miss Jones may burn with secret indignation at her hostess, she is quite courteous to Henry William. If you were to enter the dining-room, you could pick out Henry William at once. At our festivities there is usually one dining-room chair too few, so a bedroom chair is introduced unostentatiously. On that chair Henry William sits.

In conversation Henry William is entirely inoffensive. He has a few remarks, and he says them when his companion is not speaking to some other body.

"It is a nice day," Henry William says (people without character use the word "nice" as often as the cockney loses his h's).

"I think it very disagreeable," replies the lady indifferently.

"So it is," says Henry William.

"I have been reading 'She,'" he says when she next gives him an opportunity. "It is very nice."

"I detest it!" she says.

"Well, I don't much care about it myself," he says.

Then he begins about his famous trip to Stratford-on-Avon.

"I went to Stratford-on-Avon for my last holiday."

"Oh, you are a great Shakespearian, I suppose?"

"Yes, I think his works very nice."

"And did you see his grave?"

"Oh! yes; we paid sixpence to see it."

"What is it like?"

"It is a very nice grave."

Henry William is not married. He is in good circumstances. All the other young men in the place flatter themselves that they are "run after," and if Tom, for instance, walks home from the Moggridges with a young lady, the town gossips about it, and fixes when the marriage is to be. But if the cavalier is Henry William, there is no talk, the lady could have as safely walked home with her parasol.

"Who escorted you home?" the lady's mother asks.

"Nobody," says the lady.

"I thought I heard you say good-night to some one at the door."

"Oh, that was Henry William. He walked home with me."

So I expect that Henry William will remain a bachelor. Perhaps he has had his romance, but if so, he never mentioned it, or if he did, the lady let it pass. It must not be thought that Henry William is unhappy. He would not take it upon him to be specially happy, but he has at least the happiness of those who would not presume to be miserable. In Henry William there is a moral, though there may not be much else; the moral is, that character is everything to a man. Even if he be a bad character, he possesses an individuality; but if he is without character, he is as little regarded as a thistle by the road-side. He is of no account. Such is Henry William.

The Young Woman for January is full of interesting matter. Besides Mrs. Oliphant's serial tale, there is a complete story by John Reid, entitled "Miss Imrie's Sweetheart," which is alone worth the price of the number. Amongst the other features of this number we may mention "A Voyage with Olive Schreiner" (with portraits); "The Life of a Sister of the People," by Sister Emmeline; "How to Sing a Song": an Illustrated Interview with Madame Belle Cole; "The Wives of our Leading Preachers": a page of portraits; "The Danger of Dreaminess," by C. Silvester Horne, M.A. (with portrait); etc., etc. (Partridge & Co., 3d.)

The Home Messenger, an illustrated penny monthly, conducted by Frederick A. Atkins, commences a new volume with the January number (Partridge & Co., 1d.). This number is fully illustrated by the most eminent artists, and amongst the leading literary features we may

mention a capital story by L. T. Meade; a paper on "Courtship and Marriage," by Silas K. Hocking; an article on "A Night in the House of Commons," by a well-known M.P.; a "Short Sermon for Busy Men," by Dr. Joseph Parker; "Only a Headache," by Dr. A. T. Schofield; a portrait of the Countess of Aberdeen, with a character sketch by Mr. Atkins; a "Message for the New Year," by Rev. F. B. Meyer; and a Chat with the Children, by Rev. J. Reid Howatt.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, and the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero.—CARLYLE.

THE manly way is to treat lightly the judgments passed on us by others, but to be honourably sensitive about the judgments we are compelled to pass on ourselves.—DR. STALKER.

"ANDREW, SIMON PETER'S BROTHER."

By CHARLES A. BERRY.

THE Apostle Andrew was not a great genius, nor a mighty leader of men. He flourished in obscurity, and seemed content to take second or third rank. He has left no distinct and ineffaceable mark upon the thought or life of the world. Nothing of John's spiritual insight, or of Thomas' vigorous independence, or of Bartholomew's impressive personality, marked him out for special notice. Compared with his own brother Simon, he lacked that subtle and volatile quality which we call "power"—that gift which is not more difficult to define than to deny, or to resist. He was, in truth, an ordinary, average man, as far as his endowments were concerned. It is not surprising, therefore, that he won so small a heritage of fame, or that he has fallen into the background of Christian history. Even at the time the fourth Gospel was written, so little was known of Andrew as to require the association of his name with that of his greater brother, in order to his identification. And throughout his life he appears to have taken, and to have known he was taking, this humble rank among "the glorious company of the apostles."

These plain facts about Andrew do but serve to throw light upon the real greatness and goodness of the man. It is evident that such a situation as his must have involved perilous temptations—temptations to discontent, envy, renunciation. To be known as somebody else's brother, wife, husband, is not gratifying to the personal importance of the natural man. To work every day in presence of men who accentuate your sense of intellectual inferiority; to be overshadowed by the brother you had yourself introduced to the opportunity of fame; to be passed over at supreme crises in the work to which you have sacrificed everything, and to see other and later disciples called into special conference or communion—here are all the elements calculated to dispirit, to embitter, to make envious, any except a man of the noblest soul, and the most sterling sincerity. It is impossible to suppose that Andrew was insensible or indifferent in respect of the greater gifts of others. The very completeness of his devotion to Christ must have made him wish he had more ability, in order that he might render more service. Yet nothing of regret at his limitations, or of envy at the advantages of others, seems to have marred his spirit or interrupted his ministry. He went on quietly, gladly, usefully—satisfied to do his work to the utmost degree of possible efficiency, and grateful that others could render more and

better service. One cannot wonder at the tradition, which is borne out by hints in the Gospel narrative, that Andrew was greatly beloved and trusted by his fellow-apostles—an adviser, a comforter, a helper in those quiet effective ways which involve so much while they loom so small.

It must be said, therefore, that although Andrew was not a great genius, he was a great man. The terms are not always interchangeable. Real greatness, like real manhood, pertains to character. It is often said that not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*, determines his worth; but the statement is too often limited to a contrast between character and worldly possession of goods. It is equally true when intellectual goods are substituted for the less valuable term. Not the number and brilliance of his mental powers, but the quality and tone of his spirit, is the determinative factor in estimating a man's worth. A great genius may be a small man. He may even be a bad man, or have no manhood at all of any account. The world is not without examples of genius spoiled by conceit, rendered fruitless by a proud bearing of superiority, made miserable by the envies born of too much self-regard—shrivelled in sympathy, untouched and unmellowed by any noble sentiments of humanity, capable of mean devices for perpetuating fame and extinguishing competition. To be a GREAT MAN is to possess a great soul—a soul above the little jealousies, meannesses, irritations, disappointments, limitations of life. Allied with such a soul, genius makes the one supreme man of a class, a country, a century—God's choicest gift to the world. But the presence of a soul like this, even where there are no special intellectual powers, raises its possessor to the rank of nobility. It is a nobility possible to all, and yet it is the loftiest of all life's possibilities. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," said Paul, "and yet show I unto you a more excellent way"; and that was the way of love—love which stands for truth, honour, virtue, patience, charity. Better be a great man in possession of such qualities as these, than *merely* to be a great thinker, a great orator, a great statesman, or a great specialist of any kind in the sphere of mental prowess. Manhood is the principal thing; therefore, with all thy getting, get manhood. Andrew possessed it; hence his geniality, his generosity, his happiness, his superiority to the vices and sorrows of a contracted and selfish heart. A brave, true man we must call him, "content to fill a little space, so God be glorified."

History makes it abundantly clear that this man lived a life of unpretentious yet happy usefulness. His recorded appearances on the stage of action are not numerous, but they all suggest the ready resource and the kindly aptitudes of a generous heart. It has often been pointed out that, with the exception of his own first conversation with Christ, every New Testament reference to Andrew reveals him in the act of introducing 'strangers to Jesus. First it is his own brother, Simon, whom he seeks and brings, affording another illustration of how the abler members of a family may often be indebted to the humbler for the one great determinative event in their career. Then it is the lad with the small basket of provisions, whom Andrew takes by the hand and leads into Christ's notice. The other disciples either did not see the lad, or, seeing him and his basket, did not deem the circumstance of any moment. It was Andrew whose eye detected in this lad's small store something worth reporting. It is true he could not see how his discovery was to answer the requirements of the occasion, but it is more than probable he had an idea that Christ could do great things with very inadequate means. At any rate, Andrew was resolved not to ignore or despise the smallest circumstance that might be of service; so he brought the lad to Jesus, and left Jesus to do the rest.

It is in this character of intermediary that Andrew once again, and for the last time, appears in the Gospel narrative. Certain Greek proselytes who were in Jerusalem at the feast, desired to have a conference with Christ. Their souls had been awakened by what they had seen and heard of the New Teacher. In them the great world-cry for God, and for God's Christ, was articulating its pathetic note. They wanted to "see Jesus." Their first approach was to Philip, but Philip either felt uncertain as to the propriety of meeting their request, or distrustful of his own ability to meet it with proper grace. It says much for the position which Andrew held among his brethren, that Philip should submit the case to his judgment, and should ask him for companionship and support. "Philip cometh and telleth Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus." Andrew had no hesitation. He saw at a glance the great significance of this Greek request. He was not able to grapple with Greek thought; probably these individual Greeks were his superiors in knowledge and culture; but he could perceive the greatness of the moment's opportunity, and had the aptitude to turn it to account. And to Andrew thus belongs the honour of leading to Jesus the first-fruits of that world-wide devotion, which is yet to surround the throne of

Christ with the loyalty of every nation, and tribe, and tongue.

The after-career of Andrew is shrouded in uncertainty. Tradition follows him into Scythia, where he is reported to have been an earnest preacher and faithful pastor. From the same source we learn that he spent his last days in Achaia, where he suffered martyrdom at the hands of an enraged governor, whose wife had been converted under his ministry. It is impossible, however, to attach definite value to these ecclesiastical traditions. What is quite certain is, that this man, who appears on the stage so seldom, and vanishes almost as soon as he is seen, lived a life of contented and happy service—faithful in obscurity, diligent in the use of his gifts and opportunities, and happy in his sense of fellowship with the work and glory of Christ's kingdom.

The great lesson of Andrew's life is the possible usefulness and happiness of a contented and consecrated mediocrity. The *usefulness* of this order of life needs to be emphasized. We hear a great deal in praise of genius, and no wise man will attempt to gainsay or permit himself to grumble. We all stand debtors to supremely-gifted men. A great man in the full sense—that is, a genius who lives nobly—is a God-gift to the race. Such men are as the soul of collective humanity, creators of the force which makes for the ceaseless on-moving and up-striving of the race. But souls must have bodies in order to expression; and force is only wasted energy till organism receives and translates it into service. Let it be granted to Thomas Carlyle that the history of the world is at heart the history of its great men, of how much use had been these same gifted ones had there been no men of lower rank, but equal faithfulness, to translate and transmit their revelations and commands? "He also serves who only stands and waits." Battles may be planned by a Moltke or a Bismarck, but they are *fought out* by men in the ranks. Shall we not claim, then, for these obscurer and less gifted men a share of the merit and the victory? The leader must have followers, or his leadership is a fruitless, not to say ludicrous, pretence. Are the followers and supporters to be left out of account in the estimate of service rendered? It would be as foolish to claim that the follower makes the leader, as it would be to affirm the leader's independence of the follower. They are necessary to each other, mutual debtors, reciprocal helpers. Nor would it be a wise discussion which sought to apportion what the world owes relatively to its famous and its obscure men, its gifted geniuses and its faithful mediocrities. The account cannot be separated; the partnership is absolute, and its achievements a common inheritance. The

sneer which is so often directed against mediocrity is as silly as it is cruel. Mediocrity which apes genius is as contemptible as genius which apes self-sufficiency, and which forgets its origin and obligations. But genius and mediocrity alike, when humbly and honestly consecrated to the service of humanity—which is the service of God—may share the rewards of fidelity and the satisfactions of usefulness.

Meanwhile, genius cannot be said to need any fresh accentuation of its eulogy. It is honest and diligent mediocrity which demands a juster recognition and a more honourable place in men's thought. How vast are the services rendered every day to the world, to the church, to literature and art, by obscure and anonymous workers! And how essential to all the higher interests of life are these patient fidelities of commonplace men. What noble endurance, and heroic self-sacrifice, and devoted energy, lie within the unscanned recesses of ordinary every-day life! Yea, how grand a ministry of self-discipline and world-enrichment is ceaselessly active in the oft-despised regions of average life. No man, then, need feel his life contracted, or deem it ignoble, because he is ungifted with exceptional talents. There is room not only for service but for honour in the ranks. Many a private soldier, palpably unfitted for command, has won distinction among his fellows by simple bravery and fidelity. You may not be able to make name or fame, but you may and can fulfil noble service, and reap satisfying reward. Our supreme duty is to be faithful, manfully and intelligently to estimate our place in life, earnestly to make the best of the gifts we possess, and for the rest, to dismiss all idle dreams and fruitless regrets. There is no order or degree of life but has its possibilities of world-wide service, and not one which fails to command the recognition and reward of God. "Stir up the gift that is in thee," and thou, too, however humbly endowed, shalt become one of God's noblemen, and one of humanity's enriching helpers.

But Andrew was evidently a *happy* as well as a useful man. He found in mediocrity plenty of room for satisfaction. He discharged from his heart all sense of bitterness at his limitations, and all envious feelings in respect of his more gifted brethren. He was delivered, therefore, from the petty jealousies, the mean resentments, the angry passions, of a discontented heart. Freely recognising and gratefully fulfilling his appointed place in life, he was able to extract the joy out of it—the joy which God has set in every lot, and which only needs to be sought in order to the discovery of peace. Alas, how much of the misery of life springs from the neglect of this simple wisdom. Instead of settling down to

their own lot, instead of utilizing all its resources and turning to account all its privileges, many men waste and wreck their happiness either by a wicked covetousness or a foolish effort to out-stretch their place. They have the restless will which hurries to and fro, which seeks to do great things—not for the sake of the service, but for the sake of the reward—which despises humility and longs for fame and power. Poor fools! I do not know of a shorter cut to irritation, chagrin, misery, despair, than the way of these men. Æsop's fable of the Ox and the Frog is written in vain for such people. They can never out-grow themselves, however much they may try yet in the blind and wilful attempt to stretch life's limits, they disdain and destroy the heritage of happiness which lies at their feet. I am not speaking of legitimate ambition, or earnest self-culture and development. The only way to keep our gifts, however humble they may be, is by striving to enlarge and improve them. But it is a very different thing when a commonplace man attempts the flight of genius, and worries himself in the dust because he cannot get on to the wing. Be content with what you are, and make the best of it. The best of its kind is always more charming than an imperfect specimen of much higher forms of life.

I knew a venerable minister whose endowments were not brilliant, but who gathered around him a large church, and always seemed healthy and happy. I asked him one day for the secret of his perpetual brightness. "I have always," said he, "been content to do what God has given me power to do, and I am happy in myself and trusted by my people." The lesson was not an easy one to learn, I should think, but its wisdom was as profound as it was practical. And it is the right wisdom for us all. To know our place, to do our work, to look for the brightness which shines across our own path, is to have found the secret of happiness. Oh, well for a man if he can attain to this spirit before the dreams of youth are dissipated and the hum-drum realities of life make the world look mean. Most of us as lads felt we were going to startle the age. We lived in a dreamland of improbabilities and impossibilities, and the ardour of our youth laughed to scorn the "trivial round and common task." It is a terrible moment when the grim reality dawns upon us, that we belong to the common stock, and are doomed to the common thrall. But he at least will be neither broken nor crushed by the revelation who has already learnt to find God and happiness everywhere, and who is able thenceforward to discover in quiet usefulness the secret of deep satisfaction and daily joy

MY FIRST SERMON.

I.—By DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

Is it not cruel to drive back any preacher's memory to his first sermon? Is it gracious? Is it any way soothing to human feeling? It is very pleasant to call it my "first sermon," but how if it should unhappily turn out to be my first blunder? Some things are better forgotten than remembered. Are not first sermons among the number? To those who think not, I will relate the story of my first

unpaid preachers from a neighbouring town. Accompanying these preachers is a boy of eighteen years of age. The simple service proceeds in the usual way. There is hearty singing, then a fervent prayer, more singing, then the first sermon. The preacher, though earnest, is intellectually dull. After his discourse comes another hearty hymn, and then the second preacher takes up his duty.



From a Photo by RUSSELL & SONS,
17, Baker Street, W.]

DR. PARKER AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

preaching appearance,—I cannot call it my pulpit *début*, for pulpit in the ordinary sense there was none.

Picture a large village green, in the most rustic part of Northumberland, on a brilliant summer Sunday afternoon. Place in the middle of the green an ordinary saw-pit, and place around the saw-pit a considerable number of beams and planks. Seated upon them imagine quite a number of simple villagers,—rustics in very deed in appearance, in dress, and in manners. Why have they assembled around the saw-pit? They have assembled and met together to hear two local

Whilst the second preacher is proceeding, the youth of eighteen quietly asks the first preacher to lend him the New Testament. As that youth of eighteen was myself, I may tell the rest of the story in the first person.

Though but eighteen, I had for four or five years been in the habit of addressing boys' meetings and making quite an active figure in obscure debating societies. I am afraid I was the terror of some young aspirants to rhetorical influence and fame. When I went to the village green, I had no intention whatever of preaching my first sermon. The idea of doing so suddenly and overpoweringly seized me. The text which

I selected was not a soothing one. Standing bolt upright on the cross-beams of the saw-pit, I read as my text these words: "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you." This was perhaps too hard upon my rustic audience. Not one word of the sermon can I remember. As for ideas, probably there were none to recollect. I do remember, however, the tone of denunciation. I did not spare the iniquities of the age; I loosed all the thunders I could command, and delivered my soul with audacious frankness. The sermon was necessarily extemporaneous. Neither thought nor word had I prepared. I simply knew that the age was corrupt, and taking the hundred rustics as representative of the total iniquity, I hurled upon them the thunder-bolts of outraged Heaven. Some persons are kind enough to think that even now I am not wholly destitute of energy, but I can assure them that at eighteen, volcanoes, tornadoes, whirlwinds, and other energetics cut a very secondary figure, when I was on the saw-pit.

My first sermon really ran into a second, which was also preached in the open air. I see the rustic road, and I see the green hedge which formed a background. The audience was large and entirely agricultural. My text was: "If I whet my glittering sword, and my hand take hold of judgment, I will render vengeance," etc. It was the same thunderstorm. Sinai was but a hurried rehearsal of it. Never did the green fields and hedges hear such torrent-roars of denunciation. The wonder is that they did not shrivel up and wither away. The fact is they seemed to like it, for a lark mounted high over our heads, and, fixing himself in the bluest sky, he trilled a lay that comforted us like a benediction. In another village I continued my first sermon. All was in the open air. The third occasion was an evening twilight. My pulpit was a large block of stone or wood at the door of a wheelwright's shop. There was no one who could begin a tune, so I commenced the service with the doxology, and utterly failed to make a common-metre tune fit a long-metre hymn. Some miracles are beyond even the skill of open-air preachers under twenty years of age. The tune failed, but the sermon went like an equinoctial gale. I never had a better time. The villagers crowded round me, and implored me to come again. That was my call to the ministry. When young men ask me

how they can enter the ministry, I tell them how I entered it, and I tell them that the very same door is still open. The common people may as well judge us at first, for they certainly have to judge us at last. The people will tell you whether you are ordained of Christ to reach the common heart. If the love of Christ is in you, go and tell it. Wait for no man. Be certificated by the people. If God be for you, who can be against you? Beware of the sacerdotal element even in Nonconformity. Priestism is just as possible there as anywhere else. Be sure of your Divine election to this holy service, and then get all the instruction and equipment which the Churches can give you.

I have never regretted my first sermon. I do not think of its blunders so much as I think of its high purpose. The text of my youth is as appropriate now as it was then. Iniquity is in high places and in low places. Virtue is cast down in the streets. Fraudulent companies are but so many highwaymen. Secret sin and public wickedness make the age most pestilent. We want some strong judgment-voice to thunder God's eternal rebukes. Young men should do more along this line of service than they are doing. It is worse than idle to cry "peace, peace, where there is no peace." Tender sentiment is very lovely; literary discussion in the pulpit may be occasionally instructive; but until the age has listened to the voice of rebuke and answered it with penitence and broken-heartedness, it will be necessary for young preachers to cry aloud: "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than for you." The meek manner is excellent, but it should come after judgment has done its work. There is no lasting peace that is not based upon righteousness. The kingdom of God is first pure, then peaceable. Young man, attack the wickedness of your age, and never forget that when Jesus began to preach, He said REPENT.

On the subject of "man-made ministers," I am an out-and-out Quaker. Ministers are Divine creations. Teach men mathematics, history, languages, and science if you please, but remember that God only can touch their lips with His own fire, and excite in their hearts the holy passion which must save the souls of men. To be near a great preacher is to catch a sacred contagion. Experience can teach, pedantry can only blunder.

THE truths of nature are one eternal change, one infinite variety. There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush. There are no trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same

tree which could not be told one from the other, nor two waves in the sea exactly alike.—RUSKIN.

To be seventy years young is far more hopeful and cheerful than to be forty years old.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



ENGELBERG.

AN ALPINE WALK.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

UNDERNEATH the peaks of snow
 On the edge of Nature's glaxis,
 Where the torrent far below
 Ever rants and roars and races,
 And a man with just one slip
 May come down a thousand paces:
 So we walked from Engelberg
 With the breeze upon our faces.

And we talked of many things
 As we tramped through that oasis,
 Of republics and of kings,
 Of religion and its basis,
 Of the patience of the poor,
 Of the evil in high places:
 So we walked from Engelberg
 With the breeze upon our faces.

Then we spoke of England too,
 And the Anglo-Celtic races,
 Also of the Landlord crew,
 And our Law and its disgraces,
 With the selfishness of man,
 Which has left such evil traces:
 So we walked from Engelberg
 With the wind upon our faces.

And of grim Carlyle we spoke,
 And of Froude's much-argued cases,
 How about the merest joke
 He would pull the longest faces;
 And of Madame too we talked,
 Of her temper and her graces:
 So we walked from Engelberg
 With the wind upon our faces.

Spoke of Kipling—his command
 Over life in all its phases,
 How he held within his hand
 All the cards, from kings to aces,
 Passing swift from Passion's frown
 Back to Comedy's grimaces:
 So we walked from Engelberg
 With the wind upon our faces.

Well, it was a pleasant talk,
 And perhaps in duller places
 We may recollect that walk,
 When with tightly fastened laces,
 With our Alpine stocks in hand,
 In that air which stirs and braces,
 We three came from Engelberg
 With the wind upon our faces.

OLD NUMBER EIGHTY-SIX.

By ROBERT BARR.

JOHN SAGGART stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering arc lamps, and watched engine Number Eighty-six. The engineer was oiling her, and the fireman, as he opened the furnace-door and shovelled in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. As the engineer with his oil can went carefully around Number Eighty-six, John Saggart drew his sleeve across his eyes and a gulp came up his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road—and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since old Eighty-six had left the foundry.

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had spent on the foot-board of old Eighty-six, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the very chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he thoroughly understands and likes—a machine that is his daily companion for years, in danger and out of it. Number Eighty-six and John had been in many a close pinch together, and at this moment the man seemed to have forgotten that often the pinch was caused by the pure cussedness of Eighty-six herself, and he remembered only that she had bravely done her part several times when the situation was exceedingly serious.

The cry of "All aboard" rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminus, and John with a sigh turned from his contemplation of the engine, and went to take his place on the train. It was a long train, with many sleeping-cars at the end of it. The engineer had put away his oil can and had taken his place on the engine, standing ready to begin the long journey at the moment the signal was given.

John Saggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats, and sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine. He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then, more quickly, the red, green and white lights of the signal lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not yet gone

to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the country, and Saggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at the throttle.

He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on the shoulder, and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

He pulled out of his pocket a pass, and turned to hand it to the conductor who stood there with a glittering plated and crystal lantern on his arm.

"Hello, John, is this you?" cried the conductor as soon as he saw the face. "Hang it, man, you didn't need a pass in travelling with me."

"They gave it to me to take me home," said Saggart, a touch of sadness in his voice, "and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing the lantern on the floor and taking his seat beside the engineer. "I heard about your worry to-day. It's too bad. If a man had got drunk at his post, as you and I have known 'em to do, it wouldn't have seemed so hard; but at its worst your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really happened. Old Eighty-six seems to have the habit of pulling herself through. I suppose you and she have been in worse fixes than that, with not a word said about it."

"Oh, yes," said John, "we've been in many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company, and seven on old Eighty-six, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it."

"Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the president of the road is with us to-night; his private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you are afraid to tackle him, I'll put in a word for you in a minute, and tell him your side of the story."

John Saggart shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said; "he wouldn't overrule what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose that he thinks by 'bouncing' one of the oldest engineers on the road, he will scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between

ourselves," said the conductor. "What do you think he has done to-night? He's put a new man on Eighty-six. A man from one of the branch lines who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it's an anxious enough time for me anyhow with a heavy train to take through, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old Eighty-six. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there is another engine that could draw this train and keep her time," said the conductor.

"No! She'll do her work all right if you'll humour her," admitted Saggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine even while he blamed her.

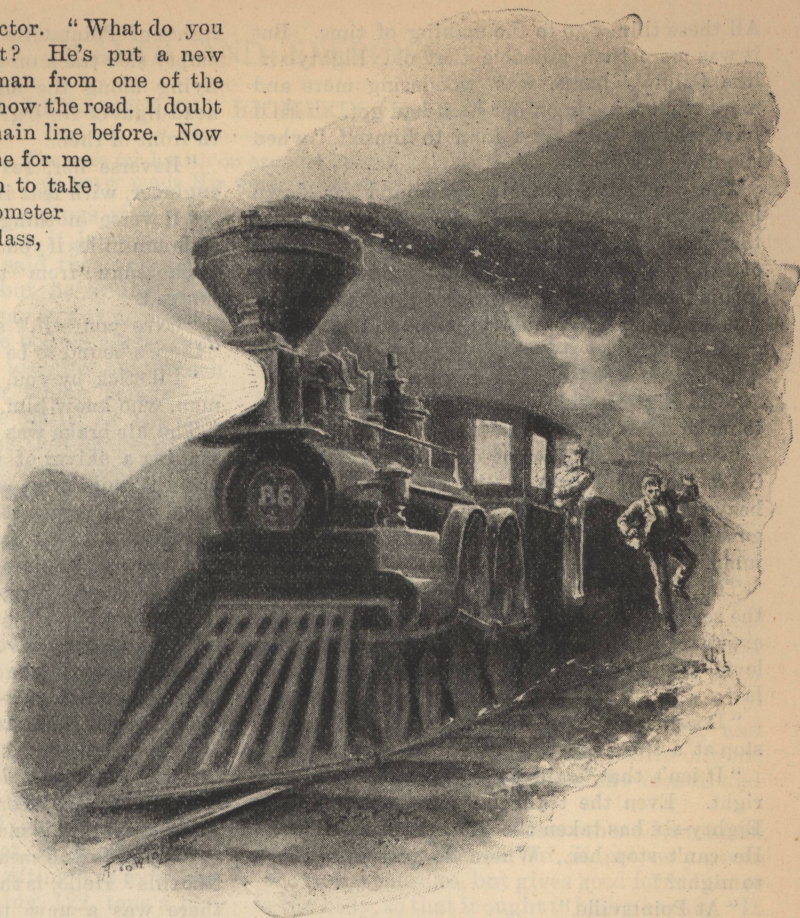
"Well," said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead than the smoker."

I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Saggart. "I couldn't sleep, anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out of the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all the up grades and the down grades and the levels. He knew it even better in the murkiest night than in the clearest day. Now and then the black bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment against the sky, and Saggart would say to himself, "Now he should shut off an inch of steam," or, "Now he should throw her wide open." The train made few stops, but he saw that they were losing time. Eighty-six was sulking, very likely. Thinking of the engine turned his mind to his own fate. No man was of very much use in the world after



"'JUMP, IF YOU'RE AFRAID,' SAID SAGGART. THE MAN FROM THE BRANCH LINE PROMPTLY JUMPED."

all, for the moment he steps down another is ready to stand in his place. The wise men in the city who had listened to his defence knew so well that an engine was merely a combination of iron, and steel, and brass, and that a given number of pounds of steam would get it over a given number of miles in a given number of hours, and they had smiled incredulously when he told them that an engine had her tantrums, and informed them that sometimes she had to be coddled up like any other female. Even when a man did his best there were occasions when nothing he could do would mollify her, and then there was sure to be trouble, although, he added, in his desire to be fair, she was always sorry for it afterward. Which remark, to his confusion, had turned the smile into a laugh.

He wondered what Eighty-six thought of the new man. Not much, evidently, for she was losing time, which she had no business to do on that section of the road. Still it might be the fault of the new man not knowing when to push her for all she was worth and when to ease up.

All these things go to the making of time. But it was more than probable that old Eighty-six, like Gilpin's horse, was wondering more and more what thing upon her back had got. "He'll have trouble," muttered John to himself, "when she finds out."

The conductor came in again and sat down beside the engineer. He said nothing, but sat there sorting his tickets, while Saggart gazed out of the window. Suddenly the engineer sprang to his feet with his eyes wide open. The train was swaying from side to side and going at great speed.

The conductor looked up with a smile.

"Old Eighty-six," he said, "is evidently going to make up for lost time."

"She should be slowing down for crossing the G. & M. line," replied the engineer. "Good heavens!" he cried a moment after, "we've gone across the G. & M. track on the keen jump."

The conductor sprang to his feet. He knew the seriousness of such a thing. Even the fastest expresses must stop dead before crossing on the level the line of another railway. It is the law.

"Doesn't that fool in front know enough to stop at a crossing?"

"It isn't that," said Saggart. "He knows all right. Even the train boys know that. Old Eighty-six has taken the bit between her teeth. He can't stop her. Where do you pass No. 6 to-night?"

"At Pointsville."

"That's only six miles ahead," said the engineer; "and in five minutes at this rate we will be running on her time and on her track. She's always late, and won't be on the side track. I must get to Eighty-six."

Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage-coach, climbed on the express car, and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint wavering star, the head-light of No. 6. Looking down into the cab he saw the situation in a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. Saggart leaped down to the floor of the cab.

"Stand aside," he shouted; and there was such a ring of confident command in his voice that both men instantly obeyed.

Saggart grasped the lever, and instead of trying to shut off steam flung it wide open. Number Eighty-six gave a quiver and a jump forward. "You old fiend!" muttered John between his teeth. Then he pushed the lever home, and it slid into place as if there had never been any impediment. The steam was shut off, but the

lights of Pointsville flashed past them with the empty side-track on the left, and they were now flying along the single line of rails with the head-light of No. 6 growing brighter and brighter in front of them.

"Reverse her, reverse her!" cried the other engineer, with fear in his voice.

"Reverse nothing," said Saggart. "She'll slide ten miles if you do. Jump, if you're afraid."

The man from the branch line promptly jumped.

"Save yourself," said Saggart to the stoker; "there's bound to be a smash."

"I'll stick by you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled.

The air brake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with frost, and the speed of the train seemed as great as ever. At the right moment Saggart reversed the engine, and the sparks flew up from her great drivers like catherine wheels.

"Brace yourself," cried Saggart. "No. 6 is backing up, thank God!"

Next instant the crash came. Two head-lights and two cow-catchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood there with horns locked, but no great damage done, except a shaking up for a lot of panic-stricken passengers.

The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths.

"What do you mean by running on our time like this? Hello, is that you, Saggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night. I didn't expect this from *you*."

"It's all right, Billy. It wasn't the new man's fault. He's back in the ditch with a broken leg, I should say, from the way he jumped. Old Eighty-six is to blame. She got on the rampage. Took advantage of the greenhorn."

The conductor came running up.

"How is it?" he cried.

"It's all right. Number Eighty-six got her nose broke, and serve her right, that's all. Tell the passengers there's no danger, and get 'em on board. We're going to back up to Pointsville. Better send the brakemen to pick up the other engineer. The ground's hard to-night, and he may be hurt."

"I'm going back to talk to the president," said the conductor emphatically. "He's in a condition of mind to listen to reason, judging from the glimpse I got of his face at the door of his car a moment ago. Either he re-instates you or I go gathering tickets on a street-car. This kind of thing is too exciting for my nerves."

The conductor's interview with the president of the road was apparently satisfactory, for old Number Eighty-six is trying to lead a better life under the guidance of John Saggart.

HEALTH AND EXERCISE.

By SIR BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

The wise for health on exercise depend ;
 God never made His works for man to mend.

THIS was one of the wise sayings of a great poet, and it is as true as it is wise. He would be a bold man who said that exercise is all-sufficient for health ; but he would be an ignorant man who did not say it was necessary. The physical scheme of the body includes exercise as a part of it, in order to endow that which we take as food with life, which means continued action ; for we die daily as we live. Strictly, those solid organs that make up the frame of man are, in the mass, dead even in life, the really living matter being comparatively small. But if we went on, minute by minute, turning living matter into dead, and accumulating the dead, the weight of the dead matter would soon crush the living out of life, and all would then be over. Our life would be but one act ; we should be born almost at once to die, as some very enfeebled bodies are.

In order to be freed of the dead substance that would otherwise accumulate, exercise is required. There are exercises which are involuntary, and are, therefore, independent of our own acts and of our will. The exercise of our heart, the work of our heart of this kind, is so considerable that, in an adult man, it represents the labour of lifting 122 foot-tons (that is, the labour of lifting 122 tons a foot high), in the course of each twenty-four hours. There is the exercise of breathing, as we take in and give out air from our lungs ; there is the exercise of the stomach and intestines, used in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food ; and there is the exercise of secretion and excretion. All these exercises are vital and absolutely necessary ; they occur without our own volition, and some persons live to old age and never think of these exercises, or so much as know of them. But these hidden exercises are not alone sufficient. It is requisite for health that the muscles we are master of, those that are under the control of our will, the voluntary muscles, should be exercised by our will.

All men and women do not require the same amount of muscular exercise, because some men—those who work in the fields or the gardens, for example—find in the labour they have to pursue the exercise they require ; whence the reason that such men, when they are temperate, moderately free of care, and not too overburthened with labour, enjoy the longest and healthiest existences. These require variety of exercise, but all require exercise of some kind. They who pursue an indoor life, and specially they who, confined indoors, follow a

sedentary occupation, most need exercise ; and for them there are at hand various pastimes, exercises, and games, which serve the purpose according to their nature and quality. The exercises are best which call into play the most extensive range of muscular movements, and which do not specially weary one set of muscles while they allow others to rest. This is the best of rules. Scholars and students who are engaged poring over books require, of all things, exercise of body. The mind rests on the body as the body on the mind. When the mind has been long at work and is very weary, and the student feels as if he could do no more, the inclination is to lie down and go to sleep, or, as some have it, “take a rest.” This is a mistake. The best relief is obtained by entering into exercise. New nervous energies are then brought into play ; muscles, too long in repose and doing little, are called into action ; fresh thoughts are called up, and there is true recuperation of the bodily organs, and a correct balance between the mental and physical organs.

Exercise of the body causes other advantages. When properly carried out, it not only gives tone to the muscles, but gives good form or cast to the body, so that it ought to bring beauty. It excites the involuntary movements into better action, and thereby it quickens secretion and excretion. Quickening the secretions, and, so to say, changing them, it enables all the vital parts, lungs, liver, stomach, glands, to perform their important tasks more effectively. Quickening the actions of the organs which excrete—like the kidneys, the skin, and intestines—it causes that dead material of which I have already spoken to be cast out or eliminated with healthful activity. So people who take a proper amount of exercise, and with that a proper amount of food, are of lithe and active frame ; while those who overfeed, and do not take the requisite exercise, grow fat and indolent, with great risk to their corporeal condition, the muscles of volition, and the heart, which is an involuntary muscle, sharing in the mischief.

When the general principles I have written above are adopted—and I hope most persons will adopt them—the question arises : What kinds of exercises are the best ? This would be a long business to describe ; it would fill a volume. Pedestrian exercise stands forth as most natural ; after that swimming, which is also natural, and ought to be acquired by everybody, male and female. Then follow exercises in

the gymnasiums—which judiciously performed are very good—rowing, cycling, riding on horseback, cricket, golf, tennis, croquet, dancing, skating, bowls. These are the principal exercises. Setting aside walking and swimming as the most natural, and the exercise of the good gymnasium as the next best, the others most accessible to the majority of the people are cycling, dancing, cricket, and tennis. Cycling beats walking in one particular, that it enables one to get quickly out of crowded towns and into country air, and thoroughly ventilates the body as it spins along; but it is limited in the matter of muscular development. It develops some muscles, it starves others. Cricket is a more efficient developer, and is, on the whole, one of the healthiest as it is one of the most popular of exercises. Dancing, in good air, in good old fashion of brisk movement, and in good hours, is a *beau ideal* of healthy recreation.

Exercise to be useful should be carried out with discretion, and as a rule the exercises to be preferred are those that bring into good and wholesome play all the groups of muscles that perform the principal motions of the body. When one group is at work whilst the others rest, the benefit is not sufficiently general, and uneven work may indeed be, to a certain extent, injurious, by producing a bad development of body with distorted attitude or irregular movement, the surest sign and proof of error. Good exercise leads always to good construction and goodliness of appearance, bad exercise to faulty construction and ugliness. Some occupations cause a distortion of body, which becomes a lasting deformity, and by which the business of the person who shows it is known to everybody. Certain exercises lead to the same fault, and such ought to be practised with the utmost care, that they be not enforced beyond the proper bounds. It should be remembered that different exercises affect, particularly, different organs of the body.

Cycling, running on foot, and dancing, affect specially the organs of the circulation, and

that central pump, the heart. Rowing affects the organs of breathing. Long walking and climbing affect the nervous system. Dumbbells and exercises of that kind affect the muscles. On the whole, it is good practice to vary exercise for health's sake, and it is good also to do so in the way of accomplishment. For the general public general facility in various games and exercises is the safest, as it is the pleasantest form of physical enjoyment. When a man or woman excels in one particular thing, it may sometimes be advantageous in a competitive point of view, but is not so healthy as good all-round skill.

It is a common idea that when the mind is greatly occupied there should be freedom from physical recreation. Scholars too frequently cherish that idea, and shut themselves up as if their life depended upon their repose when their tasks are over. There could not be a greater error. Mental strain and excitement are quieted by physical exercise. When the mind has been long taxed, it is bad to take off all the over-action suddenly. It is good to let physical work of a pleasant kind take up the story and play its part. Under the physical impulse another portion, purely motor, of the nervous system, takes up the burthen; the spinal centres relieve the brain, and, the mental centres having time to recover themselves, true balance, or equilibrium, is restored. Thus we work off our tasks, and by healthy exercise relieve the worries and troubles and labours of the mind. The above applies to perturbed and excited conditions of the mind; but it applies also to less demonstrative states and conditions. The student, the writer, the reader, who feels the oppression of excessive mental work, may be sure that his mental excitement has wearied his heart and circulation. He will take up then some moderate healthy exercise, and equilibrium will be obtained. This is a natural cure, a cure every over-worked man and woman student ought to understand and carry out, without hesitation or delay.

THE story by Mr. Gilbert Parker, announced for this number, has been delayed, owing to the author's absence in America. We hope to publish it, however, in our next issue.

WE gladly call attention to the excellent publications of the National Thrift Society. The work of this Society is worthy of all encouragement, and we would advise our readers to send to Mr. Bowden Green, 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C., for a parcel of tracts and leaflets.

Wanted, a Man! is the title of a capital little penny booklet by Dr. Thain Davidson. It deserves a world-wide circulation. (London: Marshall Bros.)

FROM Mr. Henry Frowde (Amen Corner, E.C.),

we receive the *Brilliant Text Bible* and the *Brilliant Reference Bible*. These are absolutely the smallest Bibles ever produced. They weigh about three ounces, and are beautifully bound in limp morocco. Of course such diminutive editions are only rendered possible by the use of the Oxford India paper, which is as fine as gauze, and almost as tough as vellum. These Bibles will make excellent New Year's presents.

THE situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest—here, or nowhere, is thy ideal! Work it out, therefore; and working, believe, live, be free!—CARLYLE.

HOW I WRITE MY BOOKS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

JUST on the border of Norfolk and Suffolk, in the picturesque Waveney valley, there is a typical English manor-house, some 150 years old perhaps, with an old-fashioned park and farm attached, containing about 200 acres. As one drives through its gate up to the porched doorway, there is little about Ditchingham House to distinguish it from many others of its kind in rural England; the small park is well-timbered with trees both old and young, and on the rich grass a number of red-pollled cattle are lazily feeding. And to the villagers "the house" probably gains no additional distinction from the fact that its owner, Mr. Rider Haggard, has achieved fame far and wide as the author of books of thrilling interest. For, as a few hours' stay under his roof soon convinces you, Mr. Rider Haggard is no literary recluse, spending the best part of his days among books and papers. Since giving up his London house two or three years ago Mr. Rider Haggard has enthusiastically devoted himself to rural interests and pursuits, sitting at Petty Sessions, practically concerning himself with agricultural affairs, and zealously fulfilling the traditional duties of the squirearchy. He salutes you in a shooting jacket when a manservant admits you to the large, low-roofed hall, and at the dinner table talks of the crops, the prospects for "the First," or some question of rural politics. In short, the successful novelist has made himself a part of the East Anglian community to whom his ancestors belonged, among whom his boyhood was spent, and from whom he gained his devoted wife.

HE LOVES A COUNTRY LIFE.

"I found that my life in London," said Mr. Rider Haggard in the dining-room, where hung the portraits of his wife's forefathers, the Margerison family to whom Ditchingham House belonged, "meant much dining out, bad digestion, late hours, and very little work, besides confinement and scarcely any out-door life. That was why I gave up my tenancy of the house in Redcliffe Square. I find that I get through much more work in the country, and that one can get as much of London as one wants by a visit during the season."

There was much to appeal to one in this, at any rate on a bright day in early autumn, and frankly I expressed my admiration for an author who had acted on what to most literary men is a counsel of perfection.

"My case, you see, is rather exceptional," said Mr. Haggard deprecatingly. "I have always been accustomed to an open-air life. I was born at

Bradenham Hall, only a few miles from here, and spent several years in travel abroad before attending Ipswich Grammar School for a short time. It was intended that I should become a clerk in the Foreign Office, but destiny saved me from that sedentary occupation and gave me official appointments that enabled me to enjoy for several years life and adventure in the Transvaal."

HIS FIRST BOOK.

"How did you come to make literature your



(From a Photo by H. S. MENDELSSOHN, Pembroke Crescent, W.)

profession, having this strong predilection for out-of-door occupation?"

"Not from any preconceived intention, I can assure you. When I returned to England, after Mr. Gladstone made his treaty with the Boers, it was with the intention of going to the Bar. While I was reading law-books down here in Norfolk, however, my opinions regarding South African affairs, which were then so much to the front, so strongly asserted themselves that I wrote and published (at my own expense, I may as well add) a little book called *Cetewayo and His White Neighbours*. The publication, I need hardly say, brought me no profit; but the book pleased some people, and a Bar student having plenty of leisure, I soon started on another book, to which I gave a fictitious form, and the title of *Dawn*."

"And then you wrote *King Solomon's Mines*?"

"No, *The Witch's Head* was written before I made my success with *King Solomon's Mines*. This was the work, of course, which persuaded me to make the writing of books my vocation; before then I merely thought of literary work as filling up my time whilst preparing for the Bar, and working up a practice. *King Solomon's Mines* was written after I had been 'called,' mostly in the evenings, and in writing it, I merely had in view a good story for boys."

"How did the idea of this romance first occur to you, Mr. Haggard?"

"It came to me while thinking of a legend once prevalent in South Africa, of the great mineral wealth which existed beyond the range of mountains. I took much interest in native legends and traditions, but nothing was further from my thoughts than to make literary use of them, and consequently I never made any notes of what I saw and heard while in South Africa. As you may have noticed, with the exception of *King Solomon's Mines*, I haven't got the plots of any of my novels from South Africa, although in other ways I have made so much use of my stay there."

METHODS OF WORK.

In the library, a spacious apartment with shelves filled with books, among which historical works, such as those of Prescott and Rawlinson, occupy the greatest space, Mr. Rider Haggard speaks more fully of his literary methods.

"You notice that I have two tables for writing. I use both alternately, as I like to have a change of position. When I have written my novel on foolscap, I engage a type-writer, and dictate it to him, making any necessary corrections as I go along. This plan saves me much trouble with the proofs."

"You write very quickly, I believe?"

"Yes, at fever heat, as a rule. *She* was written

in six weeks, and in point of sale is my most successful book, the number sold having now exceeded that of *King Solomon's Mines*. *Dawn*, on the other hand, I wrote and re-wrote, injuring my eyesight for a time before I had finished with the book."

"Most of my work," Mr. Haggard continues, "is done in the winter, in the afternoon and evening. In the summer time I like to enjoy the country, and every morning the farm claims my attention. Each of my recent books has occupied me for about six months."

Although a rapid worker with his pen, the author of *King Solomon's Mines* is singularly thorough in the preparation of a book. His library indicates with what ardour he has studied historical and legendary lore, and it will be within the recollection of most readers how he made a lengthy stay in Iceland before writing *Eric Brighteyes* (which, personally, Mr. Haggard considers the best of his books), and how he endured the hardships and fatigues of travel in the interior of Mexico for the purpose of obtaining material for *Montezuma's Daughter*, the novel which recently appeared in one of the illustrated papers.

"Before going to Iceland," says Mr. Haggard, "I read all the books on the island which I could lay my hands on, and during my stay there had an excellent interpreter, with whose help I spent a most delightful time among a very interesting people."

INTERESTING SOUVENIRS.

From Iceland Mr. Rider Haggard brought a number of little souvenirs, which may have helped him in giving realistic touches to his novel. In a small Egyptian jar are some of the charred remains of the house of Ngai at Bergthorsknoll, who was burned to death there. From an Icelandic communion-table the novelist took out a number of antique trinkets for my inspection. One of the most remarkable is the ring taken from the mummy of Taia, one of the Queens of Egypt, while another is a signet ring with a red stone, believed to have been worn by Rameses the Great. These relics have an awe-inspiring effect upon me; but disillusion comes on hearing Mr. Haggard's frank confession of the manufacture by his sister-in-law of the mysterious chart which forms the frontispiece to *King Solomon's Mines*.

The novelist's study also contains other souvenirs of his travels, such as Zulu assegais, Greek vases, Mexican idols. A large cupboard devoted to guns and cartridges, and a number of rods, and one or two golfing implements, remind one of Mr. Haggard's devotion to various kinds of sport. I am more interested, however, in several substantial, well-bound volumes which

he takes down from one of the shelves and places on the table before me. They contain the original MSS. of his works on the large foolscap sheets. The writing is very regular and fairly legible, with few additions or corrections.

"When I am at work on a book," Mr. Haggard tells me, "I generally write three or four thousand words a day, working, as I have said, in the afternoon and evening. When once I have started on a new book, I am in a state of unrest until it is finished."

One can spend a good deal of time at Ditchingham House in looking over the original drawings for the illustrations of Mr. Haggard's novels by Kerr, Greiffenhagen, Hardy, and other artists. They are to be found in various parts of the house, in the billiard room—an addition of Mr. Haggard's to the old building—the study, the staircase, and the hall; those of "The World's Desire," by Greiffenhagen, in the billiard room, being in some respects the most interesting.

AT FAMILY PRAYERS.

The hall of Ditchingham House, by the way, deserves some notice. It is quite a capacious apartment, with a large fireplace, old oak fittings, and one or two very cosy chairs. Every morning before breakfast the whole household assembles in the hall for family prayers. Mrs. Haggard and her two little girls, the half-dozen servants and any visitors who may be staying in the house, take their seats in the high-backed chairs, while Mr. Haggard reads a

chapter from the old family Bible which always stands on a large table, and afterwards offers a short prayer.

A COUNTRY WALK.

Mr. Rider Haggard likes to talk about agricultural processes and the delights of gardening in preference to his literary methods, and in the course of half an hour's walk one learns much concerning these topics. With pride the novelist points to the date, one of the early years of the 18th century, on the gabled roof of the farmhouse which forms part of his property; but his reverence for the past has utilitarian limits. He has invested a good deal of capital in pulling down the old farm buildings, and erecting others in their place of the most approved modern type. Unlike many literary men, he is, I should say, a man of business, and the success of his novels has assuredly suffered nothing from this fact.

As he strides along by one's side, tall and stalwart, in shooting cap and knee-breeches, his face aglow with health, and his light Saxon eyes following the track of his two dogs as they bound hither and thither, one cannot help thinking how well he impersonates the spirit of adventure, of physical courage, of robust, not to say aggressive, individuality which, in his books, has appealed to such large numbers of present-day Englishmen. In the country, with its width and freedom, one can, perhaps, appreciate this spirit more sympathetically than is possible amid the crowded streets of a great city.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

. OUR first Christmas dinner will be given to 1,500 poor children at the Guildhall, London, on Tuesday, January 2nd. All the visitors' tickets have been disposed of. Other dinners will be given in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other great centres. We thank our readers very heartily for their kind and ready response to our appeal. A full list of contributions will appear in our next number.

ONE of the causes of continual pity in all directions is the innate restlessness and ignorant discursiveness of men. They have no blissful centre, no repose.—JAMES SMETHAM.

I WILL tell you of a want I am beginning to experience very distinctly. I perceive more than ever the necessity of devotional reading. I mean the works of eminently holy persons, whose tone was not merely uprightness of character and highmindedness, but communion—a strong sense of personal and ever living communion—with God besides.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

YOUNG men are often alone in London. Fresh from the country they take little lodgings, and trust to chance for friends. An experiment has

been tried in connection with Toynbee Hall which is working out well. Two large houses have been taken—the rooms fitted as studies and common rooms provided. Each room, in which a man may be as lonely as he pleases, is let for 7s. or 7s. 6d. a week, which includes attendance and the use of the common room, where he may get as much society as he pleases. The houses thus managed pay their way, and the men live in surroundings good for mind and body. There is a library in Toynbee Hall, and a tennis court to which the men have access. The condition of residence is simply that a man is honestly pursuing some study, and any one desiring to enter must satisfy Canon Barnett, at Toynbee Hall, of this intention.

MESSRS. ISAAC PITMAN AND SONS' shorthand works are always interesting and useful, and we are glad to welcome their *Learner's Shorthand Reader*, 6d., and *Progressive Studies in Phonography*, 1s. *Pitman's Pocket Dictionary of the English Language*, 2s., is a neat little volume which we intend to keep for reference in our Editorial Office.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

IN commencing another year in this column, I cannot help expressing my thanks to the great and increasing number of correspondents who honour me with their confidence. In the nature of things, it is impossible to deal fully with all the letters that reach me; and where, as constantly happens, a score of letters converge on the same subject, I prefer writing a general reply, which will be read by multitudes beyond those who actually address me. One justification for this method lies in the fact that the themes suggested to me keep within pretty rigid limits, and the same subjects occur again and again. For example, how many times have I had to speak with unflinching directness of the horrible vice of self-abuse? Yet no month passes when some youth does not implore me to show him a way out of his miserable besetment. There is but one way—rigid self-discipline. Dr. Phillips Brooks once said that habit only fixes firmly on the vacant mind: certainly the saying is true of evil habit. To those who again write me this month on this painful theme, there are two things I may say, which I think I have not said before. First, a simplification of diet will greatly help the victim; and among my letters of this month is one which states that the writer, by limiting himself to two simple meals a day, and taking vigorous exercise, completely overcame his enemy. The second is that the imagination becomes terrified to such a degree in many cases, that the health is really broken down by this cause more than by the purely physical cause. On this point I recently consulted an eminent medical man, who said that the first thing to do was to clearly understand that complete recovery was certain on the cessation of the habit, and that to believe in recovery was half-way toward reaching it.

* * *

One large class of my correspondence represents difficulties of faith, and of this there are one or two curious instances before me. *W.R.C.* complains, with some justice, that "the vacillating and uninformed state of opinion on certain vital doctrines of Christianity," is one of the causes which debar young men from professing Christianity. What doctrines? So far as I can understand from *W.R.C.*'s letter, he refers mainly to the doctrine of eternal punishment. Now, if, as *W.R.C.* says, a man declaims eternal punishment in the pulpit, and refuses definitely to affirm it in private, such a man is simply a despicable

humbug, and beyond doubt his insincerity is likely to disgust the youth who has the misfortune to be instructed by him. But such men are rare. All that *W.R.C.* conceives as a reasonable interpretation of the doctrine of future punishment has long ago been conceded by all intelligent Christian teachers. The modern position may be summed up in these propositions: (a) That consequence follows sin for ever; (b) That punishment must needs be proportionate to responsibility—a truth taught with great emphasis by Christ in the parable of the servant who did wrong ignorantly, and was beaten with few stripes; (c) That eternal sin will be eternally punished. The last proposition really opens a far wider question, for it is impossible to read the Bible without perceiving that it regards eternal sin as unthinkable, and anticipates the "one far-off divine event" when sin itself will be abolished. And if sin is not eternal, then punishment is not eternal either. The best advice I can give *W.R.C.* is to read the Bible for himself, and to pay small attention to any merely human interpretation of it: which was the dying counsel of Charles Dickens to his children, when he wrote in his will,—"*I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there.*"

* * *

I am beginning to be somewhat suspicious of objections raised to Christianity on the ground of the defects of its professors. No doubt its professors are imperfect, but what has that to do with our personal obligation to accept and live by what we believe is true? For example, the late Sir Andrew Clark warned hundreds of patients of the peril of overwork; yet he himself died of overwork. Was his warning the less true on that account? Would it not be the height of unreason for me to say, "Well, Sir Andrew, I believe every word you say, but I don't intend to act upon it, because I have reason to suppose you preach what you don't practise?" Yet this is how men argue in regard to religion. Having discovered some one who does not live up to his profession, they assume that the truth he professes is false, because his practice of it is imperfect. But in these matters we stand or fall to our own Master, and bear our own burdens. Our conviction of what is true is a matter quite apart from any other person's

attitude to truth. And it may very possibly happen that some one may tell us the truth who does not himself act as though he believed it, just as Sir Andrew Clark's advice to a man suffering from overwork was not the less imperative because he himself found it difficult to obey it. What we all need is to clear our minds of cant; and when that process begins, we shall probably see that our reluctance to accept Christianity arises really from our secret hostility to its truths, and not from our professed difficulties which are based on other people's insincerities. For the sincere man the way to truth is always open.

* * *

When I receive a letter like *D. N.*'s, in which the whole structure of Christianity is assailed, and all the accepted proofs of Christianity exploded at about the rate of a sentence apiece, I pause to ask a question: Is this confession sincere? In *D. N.*'s case I acknowledge the sincerity. But when a man has told me all he does not believe, it is time he told me what he does believe. In Mr. Stead's curious Christmas story, a lady confesses to a priest that about the only thing she really does believe is that two and two make four. "That is enough," says her confessor; "go away and live up to it." The meaning is clear. To believe that two and two make four is to believe in mathematical rectitude, any way. That is something. You may not be able to build all that could be wished on this foundation, but you can build more than you suppose. What a man does not believe is of very small consequence compared with what he does believe. That is the first thing for *D. N.*, and all who like him walk in the shadow of a great perplexity, to learn. To believe one single great truth with all the soul is to have a sufficient equipment for a great life, for creeds are measurable not by dimension but intensity.

* * *

But the second thing that *D. N.* needs to remember is, that this perplexity of faith is not an end, but merely a stage toward an end. It is the lot of every fresh and independent mind to doubt. We doubt our way to certainty, we deny our way to truth. Of Socrates it has been finely said, "He doubted men's doubts away." But it would be the height of folly to treat these passing doubts as final, and throw away the purpose of a lifetime in a fit of hasty and unreasoned revolt. I do not counsel any compromising insincerity, any sacrifice of intellectual integrity. A youth has no right to enter the ministry of a Church with whose general beliefs he has no sympathy. But before he turns away from such a Church it is at least only reasonable that he should be sure of himself, and that he should not mistake a passing ferment of thought for a settled hostility

to accepted Christian dogmas. There are very few Christian teachers of any eminence who have not had their hours of darkness, when the whole structure of faith seemed crumbling; but they have survived them. At eighteen we are eager to reject many things which become the refuge of our souls at thirty. The thing is to learn how to consume your own smoke, and fight the battle out in silence. Wider reading, deeper thought, growing experience will probably teach *D. N.*, as thousands before him have been taught, that a religion which has revolutionised human life and thought, and has produced the finest fruit of character for nineteen centuries, has far more to be said for it than the mind of eighteen can comprehend, or its heart can realise.

* * *

It is difficult in a sentence or two to give *Student* more than a hint as to the best method of studying Browning. In the first place let him get the small shilling volume of selections: here are many of the poems which are simplest and most popular. The *Life of Browning*, by William Sharp, in Walter Scott's shilling series, will also be useful. As a guide to the more difficult poems, Mrs. Sutherland Orr's *Handbook* is admirable. With these three books a good beginning might be made. A very helpful essay on *The Alleged Obscurity of Robert Browning* will be found in Mr. Augustine Birrell's *Obiter Dicta* (first series). The most important thing to remember in reading Browning is that he demands complete attention, and that where the attention is complete the meaning is rarely obscure. What we call obscurity is really concentration of phrase. One of Browning's early critics called him diffuse, and he laid the accusation to heart so much that henceforth he aimed at using the fewest possible words to express his meaning. The result is that he often does not use words enough; he uses two where three are needed, and expects his reader to find the third. As soon as this peculiarity of Browning's style is understood, the average reader will find him no more difficult than any other great writer who has great thoughts and intense feelings to express.

* * *

It is very extraordinary how the plainest statements may be misinterpreted when there is no effort made in the first instance to understand them. Every one who reads the *Nineteenth Century* will recollect that the editor published therein, a few months ago, some personal reminiscences of Lord Tennyson, with notes of his conversations. Nothing has yet been written that has given us so clear and vivid a portraiture of the man. But perhaps the most striking things in the article, were the strong and even violent expressions of belief in God and immortality which Tennyson uttered, and which Mr. Knowles

records. Here is the chief passage: "If," said Tennyson, "there be a God who has made this earth, and put this passion (of immortality) in us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend created us, and I'd shake my fist in his almighty face, and tell him I cursed him. I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief, and be done with it all." It is put with rugged vehemence, but surely it is clear that this is a violent expression of faith—not of denial; and Tennyson says in a passionate way what the best men have said after their own calmer fashion, viz., that immortality must be true if God is true, and that if it be not, there is no hope left for man but in speedy extinction. Yet on the ground of this very passage, I am blamed for having bracketed Tennyson with Browning as a believer, and the writer of the letter brusquely says: "I think Tennyson had no faith in God." Of course one might justly argue that no one has the right to assume any man's religious opinions from a single passage or utterance, and especially is this true of Tennyson, whose published writings cover sixty years. But this passage alone proves exactly what my correspondent thinks it denies; it proves Tennyson's passionate faith in God and immortality. And if *M. B.* will take the trouble to read *In Memoriam*, the greatest defence of faith which exists in modern literature, he will there discover abundant proof of the reality and depth of Tennyson's religious feeling.

* * *

Excelsior wants to know what book to study besides the Bible, that he may preach to the edification of his hearers. I should say every kind of book, and particularly the book of human nature. The Book of Chronicles is always being written, and for the most part in the daily press. The Acts of the Apostles is not yet complete: the Salvation Army is still engaged in writing a new chapter. By which I mean, in other words, that the first thing we need to do, if the Bible is to become real to us, is to get rid of the notion that it is a book, and get full of the sense that it is a word; a living voice that blends with all the human stir of to-day, that interprets itself by interpreting life around us, and is not something written and sealed centuries ago, but a vital power, as fresh and unwasted as in the earliest centuries. But to keep to the strict letter of the question, which concerns books which interpret the Bible, and help us to explain it, there is not a realm of literature which will not be of service to the preacher, if he knows how to use it. There is the great series of expository books, of which one of the finest specimens is G. A. Smith's *Isaiah*, which so treats the old Jewish prophet as practically to re-edit him, and make his pages

as fascinating as Macaulay's Essays. Then there is the measureless realm of science. It is well known that Henry Ward Beecher found the keenest impulse for preaching in reading scientific books, and his sermons bear witness to the use he made of them. Then there are poetry, fiction, history, biography: what sermons lie waiting for the skilled excavator in Wordsworth, George Eliot, Gibbon, and the long list of Lives of the great spirits of ancient and modern times! Above all, there is life—the doings and thinkings of the people of to-day, in the press, the studio, the mine, the workshop, the office, the palace, the slum. The besetting fault of preachers is that their horizon is too narrow; and the great preacher is he who has a deep knowledge of the human heart, a keen interest in life, a vivid sensitiveness to the currents of thought and feeling that move the air around him, and who has thus graduated not so much in this or that centre of culture, but in the great university of the world. Is that a sufficient answer to *Excelsior*? It may at all events serve as a hint.

* * *

F. A. G. will find that his power of mental application will return gradually, if he has thoroughly conquered his vice, and pays strict attention to the plain laws of health.—*F. B.* proposes a question which he says has a "very practical bearing." He wants to know how the practice of shaving can be justified. He wants to live as "a natural man." In that case he had better seek a desert island. He will have plenty of time there to answer his own questions. Life in England does not afford the necessary leisure for their due discussion.—*J. L.* should apply to the Secretary of one of the Scottish Universities.—I must repeat to *W. C. J.* what I have said before in the strongest terms to others: on no account trust any advertising quack. All advertisements professing to cure secret diseases are quackery of the most shameless type. Any respectable practising doctor is *bona fide*. You may safely trust him.—*J. G.* (Glasgow) will see that I cannot possibly guide him in the selection of books, unless I know something of his special tastes, and also what books he already possesses. But speaking generally, I should begin with a good Encyclopædia (Chambers' New Edition is excellent): Dr. Smith's *Bible Dictionary*: all Dr. Bruce's works, and also Dr. Dods': and the latest books on Biblical exposition and constructive theology. The chief point to notice is, be sure of getting the *latest editions* of great works, and the freshest books on Biblical criticism, because, at the pace we go now, ten years leave a book outdated.

THE MICROSCOPE, AND HOW TO USE IT.

SOME CHAPTERS FOR BEGINNERS.

By W. H. DALLINGER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

WORK, mental and physical, is the happy and inevitable lot of the majority of civilized men and women; and it is the *chosen* responsibility of all that are noble amongst the remaining minority. But work implies and carries with it, if it is to be efficient, competent rest, just as there is a period of slumber following hours of wakeful action.

Now rest, although at times it must be, in the multitude of cases need not be inaction. Vigorous and disciplined activity, a walk amidst the ever-varying beauties of Nature, or the self-control involved in healthy athletic training and exercise, are the very best forms of "rest" for the jaded muscular system of the sedentary commercial man.

But the mind also demands its restorative intervals. That mind must be always in an in-expansive and practically insanitary condition that is engaged for from six to ten hours a day in the more or less compulsory occupation of some of its power in the same lines of action and energy, and for "recreation" relies on indolence and inaction, or morbid and semi-sensuous excitement called pleasure.

There is no recreation for the mind after dreamless sleep, except in intelligent, and, to the individual, pleasurable mental action. In change of work only does the mind, in its waking hours, find true rest; to turn wholly, and as a consequence forgetfully, from the cares of the "common round, the daily task," to a delightful self-imposed occupation, bringing into pleasurable play mental energies that have amidst the claims of labour and competition been inert, and to leave in quietness those that the day's responsibilities have strained, is not only to re-invigorate, but to expand and deepen the mind, and to give to life pleasures to which it would otherwise be a stranger.

How much science in the earlier years of this century was indebted to what the world, with good-humoured scorn, called "hobbies," *i.e.*, the results of the pleasurable occupation of amateurs, the archives of science will make plain; but the pleasure, profit, and mental uplifting which came to those whose "hobbies" served civilization so well would not be easily told.

Now there can be no source of mental recreation more bracing and ennobling than an unpretentious and earnest study of Nature.

But Nature as a whole, as we now know it, is beyond the grasp of any mind. There can be no Humboldt to present the "Cosmos" as modern science sees it. The largest true worker must be content with a little field; and therefore more than ever the intelligent work of the amateur may prove of great value. But that is not the end: a vigorous, ready, and enlightened mind is the one aim to which the young should direct themselves. And I know of no means of accomplishing this, by the youth of either sex, not otherwise attracted, than by the means of an intelligent use of the MICROSCOPE. It is a key to unlock one of the most fascinating chambers of Nature's treasury. It incites to new desire for knowledge, to a constantly deepening and inquiring interest in Creation; and evokes a perception of the charm of Nature, awaking an interest in hitherto unperceived beauty, which is infectious alike to the least and the most æsthetic.

But the instrument—the microscope—must be within the reach of the pocket of the many, and especially of the young; and it must be *intelligently* used.

We none of us expect to go and sit down at a telegraphist's instrument, and without instruction employ the apparatus with any good or practical result.

No one supposes he can obtain a beautiful modern lathe, and by setting it in motion, and taking the turner's tools in his hands, produce even a simple piece of modern ivory turning.

But it is too often thought that to obtain a microscope carries with it the efficient power to use it. This is folly. It is an instrument of precision, and wants precision in its manipulation.

In the hope that it may aid some, we purpose in four following chapters, carefully illustrated, to endeavour to show the beginners—

1. What a Microscope is.
2. What is the best and most accessible Microscope for the beginner.
3. How to use the Microscope.
4. To furnish some illustrations of its use.

THE true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher

nature, that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IRENE.

WHEN Irene Revill first passed through St. Ural, she had little idea that she was an object of so much curiosity or the subject of so much speculation. She had come from a busy northern town, where strangers were scarcely noticed, and where the people in many instances did not know their next-door neighbours. Hence it did not occur to her, as she walked slowly through the quaint and straggling village, that her presence would be so much remarked upon, or that any human creature would be interested in her movements. She was feeling very lonely this afternoon, and not a little depressed. She was so far away from every one she knew, so far away from all the friends of her childhood and youth, so utterly and absolutely alone, that she took no interest in anything she saw, and had no eyes for the many natural beauties in which St. Ural had been set.

That any of the villagers should be interested in her presence was the farthest thought from her mind. She had been in the neighbourhood only one short week, and this was her first excursion into the village proper; and so she rambled on and on, quite unconscious of the fact that, behind window curtains and half-closed doors, scores of curious eyes were peering at her, and dozens of remarks were passing from lip to lip as to her appearance, etc.

Her arrival at the railway station the previous Wednesday had been noted by several persons, and duly commented on. Miss Tabitha Penwithiel had been there to meet her, and had taken her straight away to Ivyholme. Since then quite a number of villagers had passed Miss Tabitha's residence for no other object than that of seeing the stranger. In several instances a glimpse of the dainty figure and sweet young face had rewarded their curiosity, and they had returned greatly elated, and had commented with much freedom to the less fortunate ones, on the dress and style and general appearance of the new arrival.

The porter who had taken the young lady's luggage up to Ivyholme, had been questioned and cross-questioned with much persistency. But save that the boxes were very heavy, and that the name on them was Irene Revill, he knew nothing.

"But was he quite sure that the name was Irene Revill? a good deal might depend upon that."

Yes, he was "sartin sure," he said. At first he thought it was Jane, but a second look convinced him it was not Jane, and to make assurance doubly sure he had looked at all the boxes, and had finally copied the name into his note-book.

"I don't know how to per-nounce it," he added; "but that it is spelled I-r-e-n-e, I'm dead sartin." So far this was quite satisfactory. She was "up country," as they expressed it. There had never been a Cornish Revill since Cornwall was Cornwall. It didn't sound like a Devonshire name, either. Likely enough she was a "Lankishire" woman, for there was a tradition in Cornwall that the "Lankishire women were little, and rather purty."

By the end of the week the gossips were getting on. They had got hold of several facts, and were eager for more. Hence, when Irene Revill sauntered leisurely through the village that sunshiny afternoon, she was not nearly so much of a stranger as she imagined.

To begin with, everybody knew her name, though there had been considerable discussion as to how it should be pronounced. They knew also that she was "up country," that she had at least three dresses, and two hats, and that she—

But no! That dash represents what they didn't know, but what they were dying to discover. She had come to Ivyholme, and to all appearances had come to stay. But in what capacity? That was the question that seemed to puzzle them the most. Miss Tabitha had lived alone with two maid-servants for twenty years at least. Why, then, should she have a stranger now to keep her company? Though not so strong as she used to be, she was still active and well able to look after herself, and there seemed no earthly reason why she should increase the number of her servants. But then nobody was certain that the new-comer was a servant, or in any way a dependant.

What was she, then? This uncertainty gave piquancy to the entire situation. Not to know is frequently much more interesting than to know. When you know everything there is to be known about a person or thing, the interest goes. There is no scope left for the imagination. It is when you *don't* know, that fancy can sport



"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER SWEET,
GUILLESS FACE THAT TOUCHED HIS BETTER NATURE."

and play, and imagination can run to delightful lengths.

If the St. Uralites had known all there was to be known about Irene Revill, they would not have been half so much interested in her. It was just the fact that they did not know who she

was, or why she had come, or whence she came, or how long she was going to stay, or indeed scarcely anything else about her, that gave such play to the imagination, and encouraged so much interesting speculation.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Miss

Tabitha was not of their set. With the exception of her visits to the sick and bed-ridden, she called on no one in the village, save an occasional look in at the Vicarage, or at the house of Captain Tom Rosevear. Moreover, Miss Tabitha was not of the talking sort. She greatly disliked gossip, and was particularly "close," so people said, about her own affairs.

Unfortunately, too, her servants, who had lived with her many years, had caught her spirit and temper. Indeed, some people went so far as to say "they were wuss than their missus." At the shop of Hosea Polwhele, three days after Miss Revill's arrival, a dead set had been made on Miss Tabitha's cook by a number of customers who happened to be in at the time.

Gracey Grig set the ball a-rolling. "So I s'pose you've a new hand at Ivyholme?" she said, edging two or three steps nearer the counter.

The cook knew her questioner, and after looking at Gracey for one or two seconds in silent disdain, turned her head in the opposite direction.

Gracey ground her teeth in rage, and muttered vengeance under her breath.

Then Mrs. Beswarick took up the running. "She looks a very ladyfied young person, anyhow," she remarked deferentially.

"She is a lady," was the quick rejoinder.

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Beswarick, somewhat abashed. "I didn't know——"

"It isn't likely you would," was the crushing reply.

Mrs. Beswarick flushed and looked uncomfortable, while Mrs. Coad came to her rescue.

"I presume she's stayin' a longish time?" the latter questioned.

"As long again as half," the cook replied, with a toss of the head; then seizing her basket, she hurriedly left the shop.

"Stuck-up thing! I don't know what servant girls is comin' to," Gracey ejaculated with great vehemence. But the others held their peace. They were greatly disappointed, and not a little chagrined; but they made a desperate effort to put on a "don't care" expression, and on the whole succeeded remarkably well.

So the days passed, until a week had taken flight, when Mrs. Beswarick, standing at the open door, saw the stranger coming slowly down the village lane.

"Yes, it's *her*, sure enough," she ejaculated, and rushed into the house of Mrs. Minver to carry the intelligence.

Mrs. Minver at once despatched her youngest girl, by the back way, to inform her next-door neighbour, who, in her turn, did a similar kindness to her neighbour farther on; and so, in this way, nearly all St. Ural was on the alert to see Miss Revill pass.

"Well, she's on'y a little thing to make so much fuss about," remarked Mrs. Minver sententially, from behind the window curtain.

"No, but she's very purty," said Mrs. Beswarick in reply.

"Her dress is beautiful, I'll admit; but I don't like to see young women with those pinchers on their nose."

"Perhaps she's near-sighted."

"More likely put on for style, and it's a style I don't like; it looks fast."

"Oh! Mrs. Minver, now I think it looks very genteel, particular if they be gold ones."

"Conceited, you mean," Mrs. Minver retorted, with a slight curl of the lip.

"No, I don't mean nothin' of the sort," Mrs. Beswarick replied. "I said genteel, an' I stick to it; and what is more, if I thought wearing them sort of glasses 'ud make me look anything like her, I'd——"

But the expression on Mrs. Minver's face prevented her finishing the sentence.

"You needn't look like that," she said after a pause; "I ain't quite forty yet."

"No, but you're ten score weight, if you are a pound, with a face as big as two of hers."

"Mrs. Minver," said the other severely, "I consider——" But we need not stop to hear the argument out.

Meanwhile, Irene Revill had reached the "Miners' Arms," at the end of the village, and was hesitating whether to go on or turn back. Seated on a rough bench, with his head thrown back, and his legs stretched half across the causeway, was a shabbily dressed young fellow, who might be drunk or asleep, or both. By his side was an empty pint mug, and in his left hand he held loosely a long clay pipe. His cloth cap was pushed to the back of his head; his strong and shapely neck was bare.

Irene turned off into the middle of the road, looked timidly toward the half-recumbent figure, and hesitated.

"I think he's asleep," she said to herself, "so I won't turn back just yet. But what a pity!" and she looked at the sleeper a little more narrowly.

"I don't think I should have need to be afraid, even if he were awake," she said as she hurried on. "He hasn't a bad face. Indeed, he might be very handsome;" and she gave a little sigh, which expressed with sufficient definiteness the thoughts that were passing through her mind.

Twenty minutes later she returned by the same way. The sleeper was awake by this time, and sitting bolt upright. He started when Irene drew near, and looked at her with drowsy eyes. Perhaps there was something in her sweet, guileless face that touched his better nature, drink sodden as he was, and called into play his

native reverence and chivalry, for he instantly rose to his feet, took off his cap, and stood bare-headed while she passed.

She was quick to notice his action, and the warm blood mounted in a moment to her neck and face. But that was the only sign she gave that she saw him, save a slightly quickened pace.

When she had gone he sat down again, and watched her retreating figure, till a turn in the lane hid her from his sight, and still he looked in the same direction, and ten minutes later his eyes were fixed on the spot where he had last seen her. He was sober enough by this time, and in a more reflective mood than he had been for a long time past. A chord had been struck in his heart that long had been silent, an old longing awakened that he had fancied dead.

After awhile he began to wonder who this stranger was that had moved him so strangely, and stirred so many memories in his brain. He had been trying hard enough to forget the past, to blot out the recollection that he had ever been any different to what he now was, and to persuade himself that fate had decreed that he should be a drudge and sot. And in this endeavour he had, on the whole, been remarkably successful. Now and then haunting memories fretted him for awhile, and youthful longings came back to him in his better moments. But a hasty call at the "Miners' Arms" would generally hush all vain regrets, and render him supremely indifferent to past and future alike.

"Come, Doctor, ain't you ready for another pint?" It was the landlord who spoke, and he ended the question with an unmusical guffaw.

The young man rose slowly to his feet, and stretched himself.

"Come, come, Doctor," said mine host jocosely. "You look half asleep; been having a nap, eh, in the warm sunshine?"

"Doctor" was the nickname Dick Trevanion bore in St. Ural; but there was reason for the *sobriquet*, as will be seen later on.

"Why," said the landlord, seeing he got no answer, "you seem very slow to-day. Have another pint, man, to waken you up a bit."

"Thanks, I'm too wide awake," the young man answered, in a deep musical voice. "That's just where the trouble comes in."

"Then have a pint to soothe your nerves," was the ready reply.

"Ah! landlord, your ale is wonderful stuff," Trevanion said, with a smile. "If people are awake, it will soothe them to sleep; and if they are asleep, it will waken them. If they are cold, it will make them hot; and if they are hot, it will cool them."

"Why, of course it will," the landlord answered, with a laugh. "Now, let me fetch you another pint?"

"No, not to-day, landlord. I've had a vision, and would fain think about it."

"Dreaming, eh? Well, I've always contended that there's nothing like good home-brewed ale for making folks dream pleasant dreams."

"Then your ale must be bad, landlord; for after a night's guzzling here my dreams are sometimes very painful," and, pulling his cap over his eyes, he strode rapidly away.

"Humph! I wonder what's come over him," the landlord muttered to himself, as he watched the retreating figure. "He ain't quite himself, that's certain; talked about seeing a vision; ain't going to have the blue devils, surely. He's been drinking fairly heavy lately, it's true, but not heavy enough for that."

And, with a look of perplexity in his small grey eyes, he turned, and stole quietly back into the house.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTIVE.

FOR several days after the incident recorded in the last chapter, Dick Trevanion carefully avoided the "Miners' Arms." This was not by any means a novel circumstance. Every now and then a fit of remorse would seize him, and he would vow, with unnecessary vehemence, that he would never cross the threshold of a public-house again. His comrades in St. Ural had got used to these outbursts, and never attached any importance to them; they knew well enough that when the fit of contrition had passed away, the old craving for stimulants would return, and he would be found at the "Miners' Arms" with as much frequency as before.

And yet there was scarcely a miner in St. Ural that was not sorry for him. It seemed a thousand pities that a life of so much promise should be so utterly wasted, and that powers of so high an order should be allowed to rust; and yet everything that precept and example could do had been done by the kindly fellows who worked with him, but hitherto everything had failed. Sometimes for a few weeks he would go on steadily enough, and would replenish his scanty wardrobe with his savings, and would appear to have turned over a new leaf; but, as before intimated, no one anticipated any permanent reform.

He was too utterly pessimistic and despairing himself to awaken any hope on his behalf in the hearts of others. He was homeless and friendless, save for the honest fellows with whom he worked. Nor could he see any promise of better days in the future. He was happiest when self-forgotten. Sometimes he would say he might be a better man if he could blot out the memory of the past, and

utterly forget the days that had been; but that was impossible; and so it generally happened that a fit of brooding was followed by a fit of drinking. It seemed a relief to him to forget everything in a drunken carousal, though that forgetfulness was always followed by days of shame and reproach.

In these periods of remorse he would sometimes talk freely about himself. Stung by shame, he would declare to his comrades that the "Miners' Arms" had seen the last of him, and that for the future he would play the man.

But it is always so much easier to promise than to perform. Nearly everybody at the mine encouraged him in his good resolves, and none more so than Captain Tom. But efforts that always end in failure breed weakness and cowardice, and at the time our story opens, the miners of St. Ural had given up hope respecting him. Once or twice Captain Tom had resorted to threats—had told him plainly, that unless he mended his ways he would have to leave the mine; that his conduct had a demoralizing influence on other young men, and that he could not and would not tolerate a miner who only worked half his time.

But Captain Tom's bark, as the men said, was worse than his bite. As a matter of fact, he had not the heart to dismiss the young fellow. He (Captain Tom) was about the only real friend he had, and if he were sent adrift from St. Ural, there was no knowing what might become of him. He had sunk low enough now; he might sink lower then. Moreover, Captain Tom could not wholly forget the past. He had known the young fellow from his childhood; knew his father and mother; knew the manner in which he had been reared, the hopes that had been centred in him, the care that had been bestowed upon his education. And though everything had ended in disaster, he felt that for old times' sake he would have to hold on to the lad as long as possible.

Of course everybody in St. Ural knew Dick Trevanion's story. His father held the position of principal doctor in the neighbouring town of Rutherd for more than twenty years. He was a high-spirited, open-handed, generous, but sadly improvident fellow. Dick was an only child. That was the reason, perhaps, he was so systematically spoiled. He scarcely knew what it was to be denied a single whim or wish. At college he received more encouragement from his father to play the swell than to pass his medical examinations—the result being that he was plucked more frequently than not. Then came the crash. His father and mother died within a month of each other, and when his father's affairs were inquired into, it was discovered that there were not assets enough to

meet outstanding liabilities. Dick was about twenty then, and had just failed in his examination. Consequently he was helpless, and utterly unable to do anything for his own support.

Then a few of his father's old patients clubbed together and sent him back to college, hoping that with another six months of hard work he would be able to scrape through his final. But habits of study were not native to him, and, besides, the sense of his loss preyed so heavily upon his mind that he seemed unable to apply himself with any degree of diligence; the result being he was plucked again, and, as might be expected, doubly discouraged. Then other old patients came to his rescue, and another chance was given him; and there can be little doubt he would have succeeded, but for the injudicious advice of some of his college chums. He was so nervous before the exam., that they persuaded him to fortify himself with gin and water, and this time he left the examination room not only defeated, but disgraced.

For the next twelve months he drifted. How he lived he hardly knew himself. The only thing he seemed conscious of was, that he was steadily sinking lower. At first he drank—not because he liked it, but to drown remorse, and to shut out from his mental vision the haunting memories of the past. That he should ultimately drift back into the neighbourhood of his old home was perhaps only natural. And it was then that Captain Tom took compassion on him and sent him underground. He was glad enough to do anything, he said, if only he might earn bread enough to eat; for of late he had often gone hungry for days, and he dreaded the winter that was then approaching all too rapidly.

But though he said this, it was a terribly painful ordeal to go and toil in the tunnels underground. Had he been trained to such work from boyhood, and never been taught to expect anything different, he might not have fretted or repined; but would in all probability have pursued his work from day to day cheerfully and hopefully enough. But trained as he had been, such a life was a living death to him. Yet no one ever heard him complain, nor was he ever known to shrink either from duty or danger. Old miners said that he took to the mallet and drill as though he had been to the manner born, and that in six months he was able to collar a shaft or timber an adit as well as many who had been at the work a dozen years.

But he never recovered the cheerfulness that had characterized him in his younger days. He felt that he did not *live*—he simply existed. The days and weeks dragged out their slow lengths, bringing neither change nor hope. Hope?

What had he to hope for or expect? He was stranded so high and dry, that he believed no power on earth could ever get him into deep water again. That there might be such a power in himself was a thought that never for a moment crossed the threshold of his mind. He had had his chance like other young men, and missed it. There was a time when the tide was at its flood, and had he taken it then, he might have sailed on to fortune. But he had dallied, and idled, and slept. Perhaps his failure was not altogether his own fault. He had never been taught to work, never encouraged to put forth any strenuous effort; and now, when thrown upon his own resources, he felt how utterly helpless he was, and how ill equipped for the struggle of life.

At the time of which we write he was working with Job Minver, in what was practically a disused portion of the mine. Many years before, a shaft had been sunk in this neighbourhood to a depth of about twenty fathoms, and tunnels driven at various stages and in various directions, in the hope of cutting some vein of mineral supposed to exist; but after a considerable sum of money had been expended, the "pitch" was abandoned, and the shaft allowed to fill with water to the level of the "adit."

Captain Tom had often looked with wistful eyes at this disused shaft as he had passed it. He felt certain there was a good lode somewhere in its vicinity, and was not a little disappointed that, when many years before an earnest attempt had been made to find it, the attempt had ended in failure.

"Well, well, it will be found some day," he would say to himself. "If not in my time, somebody else will get the benefit of it."

But this kind of reflection was not altogether satisfactory to Captain Tom. He would very much rather the discovery was made in his own day. He was not so anxious about the future that he was prepared to sacrifice any present gain on its behalf; and had he a perfectly free hand, he would still have been exploring in this particular neighbourhood. The shareholders, however, of St. Ural Consols were not prepared to run further risks in that direction; they considered they had given Granby's pit a fair trial, and to make further explorations would be to throw "good money after bad."

So the years had slipped away. But Captain Tom had never abandoned the idea of having a "further fling" at Granby's pit. At length his patience was rewarded. Several new directors had come on to the board who shared Captain Tom's views, and permission was granted to re-open the pit. It was distinctly laid down, however, that the work of exploration was to be carried on above high-water mark. No attempt

was to be made to pump the water out of the submerged part.

Captain Tom made no demur to this arrangement. The adit level could be re-timbered, a sollar laid across the shaft above the water, and the old ten-fathom tunnel continued in the direction of St. Ural.

It took Job Minver and his comrade nearly a month to clear the adit, and to provide a free way for the water to run to its lowest level. Then commenced the work of throwing a sollar across the shaft, and shutting off the dark and submerged depths beneath. This was by no means a difficult undertaking, though necessarily somewhat slow. Deep holes had to be pierced in the sides of the shaft to hold the joists, and as the ground was hard, eight hours of toilsome work often accomplished very little.

For several days Trevanion had been very silent. Job did his best to get him to talk, but with very poor success. He knew that for nearly a week he had not gone near the "Miners' Arms," and he was curious to find out the secret of this abstinence; but the younger man was not to be drawn. Clearly, if he had made any inward vows of amendment, he was resolved to keep the matter to himself. Perhaps he was ashamed of having openly boasted so much in the past. Perhaps he was simply experimenting with himself, and testing his powers of resistance. Anyhow, he would say nothing.

Job was a little bit troubled. He knew his life-story; he knew, too, that this brooding often led to a bad bout of drinking, and he would save his comrade from himself, if that were possible. The work they were doing required a steady head, and he was sincerely anxious that the Doctor should avoid the "Miners' Arm," at any rate till the sollar was completed.

"Well, comrade," Job said, as they were leaving work on Saturday, "on Monday mornin' we'll be able to start puttin' in the beams of the sollar. It'll be a ticklish job, with ten fathoms of water under our nose. We'll need to keep steady heads; what think you?"

"Your head is always steady," Trevanion answered quietly. "For myself—well, I'll have to take my chance. I'm in for a spell of forgetfulness between now and Monday."

"You don't mean——" Job began.

"Yes, I do," the other answered carelessly. "I've been teetotal now since Wednesday week, but what's the use? When drink will drown care, and drive away melancholy, and silence conscience, and blot out all painful memories, and stop this eternal craving for something you know very well you will never get,—why, a man should thank the fates for such a friend."

"Nay, nay, Doctor!" Job answered. "Drink has been no friend to thee, lad."

"No friend! Well, perhaps not; and yet, man, it's bliss to forget, to be light-hearted, to play the fool. In a few hours from now I shall be as drunk as a lord and as happy as a king."

"Drunk you may be, but not happy," Job answered. "There can't be no sort of happiness, lad, in playin' into the hands of the devil, and sinnin' agin the Almighty."

"God cares nothing for me, Job," the other answered, with a careless smile. "Whether I get drunk or keep sober will make no difference to Him. I've only myself to think about."

"That's a very selfish way of lookin' at it," Job answered. "You ought to consider other people."

"Other people! what other people?" Trevanion demanded fiercely. "Am I not alone in the world? Have I a relative under heaven? Would anybody grieve five minutes for me if I

drank myself to death between now and Monday? Nay, rather, would not a hundred pious people in St. Ural smack their lips and say, 'A good riddance'?"

"Folks ain't as indifferent as you think," Job answered seriously. "There are plenty of folks as grieve for you an' pray for you, and you should think of them; and you should think also of the lads you may influence by your example."

"My example will create loathing and contempt, and so do good," Trevanion answered, with a laugh. "But here we are, out of the level at last, and in the sunshine. Now for the changing house, and then for the 'Miners' Arms.'"

"Think better of it, Doctor," Job pleaded. But the young man only shook his head, and marched quickly away.

But that afternoon a curious thing happened, which shall be recorded in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.

BACTERIOLOGY comes on apace. No modern notes on Science could be "up to date" without keeping a sharp look-out on bacilli. It would scarcely be too much to give the coming 20th century its cognomen by anticipation, as the Age of the Bacillus—so determined is the pursuit of the microbe, and so Sisyphus-like appears the task of the investigator.

* * *

Cholera, with its "comma" bacillus, has of course taken the lead in recent medical researches. Unfortunately, we are at present not even in sight of goal as regards the definite relation of this particular microbe (assuming its existence) to the disease. It is difficult to understand how half a dozen experimenters at Vienna can have swallowed it and have suffered so little inconvenience. It is open to any one to reply that the acidity of the healthy gastric juice may have been too much for these bacilli, because it is well known that this particular "cholera bacillus" is very soon destroyed by acids. It dies, for instance, on fresh surfaces of fruit in a few hours. In the acid "Rhein-wein," it perishes in five minutes. In some German beer it cannot live more than an hour or two. For the comfort of teetotalers it may also be noted that tea and coffee are equally potent, the bacillus succumbing in a strong infusion in about an hour or more. But some years ago Dr. Ferrans, in India, carried out cholera experiments by inoculation with

the virus, which, it may be presumed, would then as now contain the cholera bacillus. Little harm followed the operation. So that it seems possible to eat and drink cholera, to be inoculated, and yet not take it. Meanwhile, it remains quite plain that, during an epidemic, uncooked fruit and vegetables are decidedly risky; and the one fact which stands out beyond controversy is that where there is dirt there is danger. But this result is just as deducible from experience and common sense as from the latest Bacteriology.

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There seems no reason to doubt that consumption is propagated by these same mysterious but real "microbes." So much so that the health resorts of Southern Europe are said to be centres of tubercular contagion. There appears no effective protection save cremation. When diseased bodies are buried, there is by no means an end to tubercular bacilli. These live long, especially in warm, damp soils. Then the tireless earthworm brings them to the surface, where they are dried without being killed, and are floated thence to a fresh nidus in some susceptible human being. The same applies to other diseases also; as, for instance, the yellow fever in the West Indies. It is indeed time that the wisdom and necessity of cremation was recognised on a much larger scale. For only fire can save generations to come from the contagion of prevailing deadly diseases. And if our sentimentalism is too strong

to permit us voluntarily to take such precautions, then Government should by statute rebuke our irreligious selfishness.

* * *

It is sad to relate, in connection with the above, that in this respect the oft-lauded liberation of the slaves in America has brought lamentable results in its train. It is affirmed by a medical expert in Nashville that pulmonary consumption, which used to be a rare disease amongst "slaves," is now four times as great in their midst as it is among the white population. Apparently they have been left to themselves too much. And being in many respects necessarily and naturally childish, they have fared pretty much as children would in our nurseries, if allowed to live as they pleased. Bad food, poor clothing, dirty habits, irregular living, drunkenness, and unrestrained passions, of course allied with ignorance of medicine or nursing, have conspired to bring about a terrible increase of both insanity and mortality. Surely the inference is not that freedom from slavery is an evil, but that the true liberation ought to have involved a great deal more than mere manumission.

* * *

We cannot dismiss bacteria without a hint about "disinfectants." These are, of course, constantly appearing—especially when something can be "made" out of them in the way of profit. The latest that has received much notice is peroxide of hydrogen. This has long been known as "oxygenated water." Its formula, H_2O_2 , shows how appropriate was the designation. It is said that one part in 1000 of water, destroys cholera and typhoid bacilli with certainty. It does no injury to clothing, so may well be employed where other disinfectants could not be used. However, it must be carefully and freshly made, if it is to be safe and effective, for there is a chance of poisonous barium chloride being present. The unfortunate part is that, from some recent observations, it appears that some bacilli at all events can get used to a particular disinfectant, and require increasing doses of it before they succumb. This is not very pleasant information.

* * *

We have mentioned here previously the Commission whose duty it was to compass the destruction of the Scotch vole. However, this little creature—*Arvicola agrestis*—which has caused

To sin is to hurt the root of the universe, to drive in poison to the living core of things. When you sinned against that woman, that child, the dark line quivered and throbbed away to the throne eternal.—DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

so much trouble by multiplication up to 1892, has now kindly consented to quit the field, and give the Commission no more trouble for the present. Probably it is only another illustration of the balance of nature. For it seems exceedingly probable that such natural scavengers as the owl, kestrel, rook, buzzard, weasel, stoat, and other such, have been most effective in bringing about a desirable change. The poetic dictum that "nature red in tooth and claw with ravine—shrieks against" Divine beneficence in nature is, after all, a somewhat ambiguous statement. If some other creature did not check the vole, it seems fairly plain that the vole would definitely shorten the career of mortals.

* * *

For the last few months Jupiter has been well in vision as an evening star. It is interesting to know that the youthful British Astronomical Association could set forty-three observers steadily to work to observe the celebrated "red-spot." This remarkable phenomenon in the giant planet has indeed been most carefully watched for the last fifteen years. It remains much the same in size and form, but varies in tint and in distinctness. Its area is almost as large as our whole earth's surface, for it is 30,000 miles long by 8,000 broad—i.e., about 200,000,000 square miles in extent. What it really means cannot at present be decided. Attempts have been made to connect the waxings and wanings of its appearance with the maxima and minima of sunspots, but there is little or no real proof of such a connection. All latest particulars of this wonderful giant of our solar system—capable as it is of swallowing up 1,300 worlds like ours—may be seen in Miss Clarke's able *resumé*, published in pamphlet form by E. Stanford.

* * *

One of the latest, and surely most diabolical, applications of science to war, is the discovery that bullets can be infected with disease germs so as not to lose their virulence when fired from a rifle. However, it is not likely that such infernal machines will be adopted, any more than explosive bullets were, or dynamite guns, or such like. Mercifully, there are some limits even to that rampant devilry that men call war. It would be well indeed if, through perfect machines of destruction, each side in battle were so sure of being annihilated as to prevent bloodshed at all.

BELIEF is great, life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, as soon as it believes. A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.—CARLYLE.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A YOUNG woman journalist on the staff of the *New York World*, disguised as a man-about-town, and under the protection of a male *confrère*, went the rounds the other evening of the music halls, swell *cafés*, and other places where New Yorkers most do congregate. Dropping in at Delmonico's, the swellest and dearest restaurant in the city, the following remarkable opinion was gleaned from one of the waiters there in reply to a question: "No, I never drank a drop of liquor in my life. In the first place, no waiters here are allowed to drink anything. In the next place, if you could be here as long as I have, and see what I see every night, you would never want to drink anything. There are more bright young men going to ruin by way of the swell restaurants of New York than by any other route. Aside from the morals of the case, these men make me tired. I should hate to go away from here when we close up, feeling that I had made such a fool of myself as I see some of these swells making of themselves. Of course it is none of my business, but a man can't stand around here every night in the year, and see what I see, and hear what I hear, without a feeling of disgust for human nature."

MEN WHO COULDN'T SPELL "CAN'T."

"They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."
—Aldrich.

Mr. William B. Hornblower, of New York, the newly appointed justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, when asked by the *New York World* to what he attributed his success, replied, "Always taking advantage of an opportunity, and always doing my best with any work offered to me."

Adlai E. Stevenson, the Vice-President of the United States, is one of many famous Americans who have literally "worked their way" through college. After leaving college, he studied law, and when he started to practise he had just £5 worth of books, and very little else. His first law case was before a Justice of the Peace, and his fee was £1. This seems very little to him now, but it paid his board bill for two weeks, and it was two months before he got another case.

The new editor of the *American Economist*, Charles R. Ruckland, was at one time an insurance agent, then a professor in New Zealand, afterwards owner of a ranch in Queensland, publisher of two papers in Honolulu, a farmer in New Jersey, and Consul of the Sandwich Islands in San Francisco. This is a remarkable record, and one is strongly reminded of Bismarck's famous saying to Poultney Bigelow: "Journalists are a class who have failed in other callings." Mr. Ruckland may not have failed in his previous callings, but his record is picturesque enough to class him among Bismarck's category.

Bob Hicks, a Kansas newspaper man, thirty-five years of age, has in his short career been at the head of twenty-six different publications, and

has been in continuous litigation of some sort for the last fifteen years. This approaches, but does not equal, Opie P. Reed's Kentucky and Tennessee record. He started a new newspaper every two weeks during three years, and boasts that he didn't have to walk out of town except on two occasions, his departure as a rule being accelerated by indignant citizens, who deemed themselves libelled by some of his able editorials.

The new Senator from California, Mr. Perkins, is a self-made man. When he was a youngster in California, friendless, and with only two dollars in his pocket, a Mr. Knight gave him a situation as porter, where he could earn forty dollars a month. This meant all the difference to the young man between starvation and comparative comfort. He never forgot the kindness. When he had made a place for himself in the business world, he sent for his old employer, who had in the meantime met with misfortune, and gave him a book-keeper's place in his office worth £35 a month. When he became Governor of California, he still kept Mr. Knight in mind, and appointed him Harbour Commissioner at San Francisco. Whether Mr. Knight is still living, and what his *protégé* will find to do for him in dispensing his patronage as Senator, I do not know.

SNAP-SHOTS.

[From the *Atchison Globe*.]

Everybody is willing to help those who try—there are so few of them.

No man is as good as he demands the young man shall be who asks for his daughter.

The farther you are away from a fight, the more certain you are that bravery is the thing.

When there is company in the house, the members of the family begin to say "Good morning" to each other at breakfast.

The only time a man is willing to stay at home and take care of the house is when his wife wants him to go to prayer-meeting with her.

FOOT-NOTES.

The World's Fair steam launches carried 250,000 persons during the season without one accident.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad has issued an order forbidding its employees to smoke either on or off duty, or to enter the door of a saloon.

Along the roof of the new building of the *New York Herald* are arranged twenty figures of owls as large as life. Behind the eyes of these owls are sixteen-candle power electric lights. The clock over the main entrance is connected with these lights, and at midnight each particular owl winks one eye, and then "winks the other eye" in such a life-like manner as to fairly paralyze the man who happens to be passing at that moment, and who is just getting ready the usual "extra work at the office, my dear," excuse, to be used when he reaches home.

TONY CRANE.